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isease, Milky Discharges and all
dder, Kidneys, or Prostate Gland,
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isease, Dimness of Vision, Pains in
nd Head, Rush of Blood to the
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s are allowed to go on, very fre-
lts and Consumption follow. When
ences affected with organic weak-
aid of an invigorating medicine to
e up the system, which HELM-
ues in every case.
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, Chronic Inflammation of the Ute-
ints incident to the sex, whether
rration, habits of dissipation or in
ge of life.
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prescribed by the most eminent
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et painful symptoms are the off-
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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

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Editorial.

THE WEATHER.

The heated term of last week was highly favorable to the growth of grass and all other farm crops, though rather oppressive for active exertion in planting and hoeing. So far the spring has, on the whole, been very good for all kinds of vegetation. "Potato bugging" has occupied a great deal of time and has kept many a farmer busy who would have been glad to be about something else. So far as we can see now grass will be ready to cut earlier than usual. The June grass and the sweet scented vernal are now in full blossom and the orchard grass has attained its full size.

THE CATERPILLAR.

We hope every farmer will take good care to keep down the caterpillar. For the past two years we have been troubled less than formerly and with a little care now we can keep pretty clear of this pest in our orchards. A long pole with a brush on the end is one of the most convenient things to use. Some take the trouble to dip the brush into kerosene or crude rock oil which makes a little more complete work. It will pay to destroy all nests on the wild cherry trees along the road. The more you kill this year *the less* you will have next.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

Our recent journals from London contain accounts of the outbreak of the cattle plague at several points, and great alarm has been excited in consequence. Several entire herds have been destroyed and farmers are imploring the government to stamp it out at whatever cost. Pleuro-pneumonia, foot-and-mouth disease and cattle plague or rinderpest all at once, are a little more than the average English farmer can bear.

THE LAWN.

Nothing is more attractive about a suburban or country residence than a well-kept lawn, often and uniformly cut. The grass under this treatment will become soft as velvet. We know some fine large lawns in this vicinity that have been skilfully mown five or six times this spring, and they are the charm of the places they so much adorn. Fine top-dressing and frequent shaving are the secrets of success.

BIG EGGS.

We are indebted to a correspondent, Mr. Harding of Waltham, for half a dozen monstrous sized Brown Leghorn eggs, each of which contained two yolks, and all of which were fresh and excellent in quality. Any Brown Leghorn that is capable of laying such eggs ought to be cherished as the queen of her race.

NORTH CAROLINA DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The recent Legislature of North Carolina established a Board of Agriculture, Immigration and Statistics by an Act approved April 12, 1877. The department has organized by the choice of L. L. Polk, Esq., as Commissioner, and his office is located at Raleigh, the capital of the State. He has kindly furnished us with a copy of the Act. He is ready to answer any inquiries in regard to the resources of the State and its advantages as a residence. The Commissioner in a circular addressed to the people of the State says: "The admirable adaptability of the soil and climate of our State to the successful and profitable culture of all the staple products—the manifold and superior advantages she presents for other and equally remunerative pursuits, all declare that to become really prosperous, we must have a greater diversity of industries. If we would utilize our immense and unequalled water powers—if we would exhume the untold treasures of wealth which now rest undisturbed in our hills and mountains—if we would have our vast and magnified forests to contribute their values to commerce—if we would have improved stock—if we would, by improved culture, crown our inviting hills and plains with rich harvests of cereals, cotton, tobacco, grasses, fruits, vines, vegetables and flowers—if our millions of acres of unimproved and now unprofitable lands must be made to contribute, under the magic touch of skillful labor, their abundance of wealth to the growth and power of this noble old Commonwealth—the land owners must *divide their lands at fair prices*, and thus induce capital, energy, muscle, brain and enterprise to come and possess them. Our resources and condition demand rather a diversity than a concentration of employment. While we gladly welcome the capitalist to this promising field for profitable investment, yet we must have with him the mechanic, the artisan, the miner, the manufacturer, the farmer, the dairyman, the fruit grower and common laborer, to subdue and occupy our fruitful domain, if we would make it the happy and bountiful home which the God of Nature seems to have designed for the millions who are to follow us. To procure them we must consent to accept a fair price for our broad acres, and allow them to become the prosperous homes of other people."

☞ The peach growers of the Delaware Peninsula held a meeting at Middletown recently to consider measures for the reduction of expenses in the business so as to make it profitable. A committee was appointed to confer with the railroad authorities.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

SUGAR MANUFACTURE.

Recent Experiments with Sugarcane in Louisiana.

BY PROF. C. A. GOESSMANN, OF THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The question, whether our climatic and general industrial resources enable us to contribute in a larger degree to the production of sugar for home consumption, than heretofore, engages just now the particular attention of agriculturists in various sections of the country. In many of the Northern and Northwestern States numerous experiments are instituted with the sugar beet root as a material for the manufacture of sugar. The local influences of the climate and of the soil, and the most advantageous system of fertilization under existing circumstances, are deservedly subjected to a careful experimental investigation. The opinion that the desired success of the project depends in a controlling degree on the qualification of our farmers to raise profitably a beet root fit for an economical separation of its sugar, becomes daily more generally appreciated amongst its friends. Whilst there are many studying the extent of their chances for a successful introduction of the manufacture of beet sugar, it is not less a matter of fact, that the cultivators of the sugarcane in some of the Southern States are earnestly and intelligently at work to improve their prospects of a more remunerative cultivation of the sugarcane, by calling in the assistance the latest and best scientific observations in their special field of industry. As the condition of the cane sugar manufacture in the country for obvious reasons deserves the serious attention of all those, who believe in the efficiency of our resources for a successful introduction of the beet sugar manufacture in competent hands, I propose to report a few facts concerning some recent interesting experiments upon two plantations in Louisiana, which are destined to mark the beginning of a new era in the sugar industry of that State. The most interesting feature of these experiments consists in the circumstance, that they were planned with the design to ascertain the effect of various compositions of fertilizer, with reference to both *quantity* and *quality* of the cane raised by their assistance. To test the relative saccharine properties of the cane juice produced, the use of a good polariscope was recommended and for that purpose expressly secured. The results being based only on one year's experimenting, are quite naturally not decisive; yet they derive already an unusual interest from the fact, that they furnish an excellent chance to the sugar manufacturers in Louisiana, to learn with what success they have been able during the past to secure a fair percentage of the sugar contained in the cane they have been raising. Knowing once with approximate certainty the amount of sugar, which the growth of one acre contains, intelligent attempts to secure the largest percentage possible will not long be delayed. The prospects are, therefore, that by continuing their intelligent course of investigation a more rational system of fertilization supported by an improved mode of separating the sugar will soon richly repay the expenses incurred. One of the plantations, which served for the experiments, is owned by Daniel Thompson, Esq., of Bayou Teche, in the parish St. Mary; and the other one belongs to Thomas M. Case, Esq., of Houma, in the parish Terrebonne. The land used for the trial was in both instances carefully selected and suitably prepared for the work; each experimental plot consisted of one acre in size.

I.—MR. DANIEL THOMPSON'S EXPERIMENTS.
Table A.—Plant, Cane—Eleven plots.

No. of Plot	Material used as Fertilizer.	Quan'y used in pounds	Quantity of soluble constituents of the Fertilizer.	Weight of the cane raised in pounds.	No. of gallons of the cane juice.	Result of Polarization apparat's	Total amt. of sugar available in lbs.
1	Animal matter	450	Phosphoric acid, 56. lbs.. Ammonia, 56.5 lbs	44.340	2955	10.1	2635
2	Animal matter	450	Phosphoric acid, 56. lbs.. Ammonia, 38. lbs	38.560	2665	10.5	2463
3	Cotton Seed Meal	400	Ammonia, 58. lbs	51.700	3862	10.	3406
	Sulphate of Ammonia .	100					
	Acid phosphate of Lime	221	Phosphoric acid, 45. lbs..				
	Nitrate of Potassa	86	Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs. Nitric acid, 45. lbs				
4	Sulphate of Lime	313	Lime, 192. lbs	50.450	3532	9.3	2213
	Sulphate of Ammonia..	223	Ammonia, 58. lbs				
			Nitric acid, 89. lbs				
	Nitrate of Potassa	178	Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs				
	Acid Phosphate of Lime	357	Phosphoric acid, 64.5 lbs.				
5	Acid Phosphate of Lime	221	Phosphoric acid, 40. lbs..				
	Sulphate of Ammonia..	160	Ammonia, 40. lbs				
	Nitrate of Potassa	86	Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs.	57.200	4050	9.5	3393
			Nitric acid, 45. lbs				
6	Acid Phosphate of Lime	221	Phosphoric acid, 40. lbs..				
			Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs.	49.940	3541	9.8	2892
	Nitrate of Potassa	86	Nitric acid, 45. lbs				
7	Acid Phosphate of Lime	221	Phosphoric acid, 40. lbs..	44.500	3207	10.5	3015
8	Acid Phosphate of Lime	357	Phosphoric acid, 57. lbs..				
	Nitrate of Potassa	179	Potassium Oxide, 80. lbs. Nitric acid, 89. lbs	54.030	3576	11.0	3497
	Sulphate of Lime	348	Lime, 196.5 lbs				
9	Animal matter	400	Ammonia, 67.5 lbs	52.940	3840	10.0	3395
10	Not fertilized	....		44.920	3175	12.	3357
			Ammonia, 47.5 lbs				
11	Cotton Seed Meal	500	Phosphoric acid, 18.5 lbs. Potassium Oxide, 10. lbs	51.710	3771	9.5	3157

Table B.—Ratoons—Seven plots.

No. of Plot	Material used as Fertilizer.	Quan'y used in pounds	Quantity of soluble constituents of the Fertilizer.	Weight of the cane raised in pounds.	No. of gallons of cane juice.	Result of Polarization apparat's	Total amt. of available sugar in lbs.
1	Nitrate of Potassa	86	Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs. Nitric acid, 45 lbs				
	Sulphate of Ammonia..	150	Ammonia, 40. lbs	33.380	1413	10.2	1270
	Acid Phosphate of Lime	221	Phosphoric acid, 40. lbs..				
2	Sulphate of Lime	313	Lime, 192. lbs				
	Sulphate of Ammonia..	223	Ammonia, 55.5 lbs	41.925	2581	9.7	2449
	Nitrate of Potassa	178	Potassium Oxide, 80. lbs.. Nitric acid, 89. lbs				
	Acid Phosphate of Lime	357	Phosphoric acid, 64.5 lbs.	29.560	1360	12.8	1537
3	Not fertilized	....					
4	Animal matter	600	Ammonia, 80.5 lbs	25.540	1637	12.0	1743
			Phosphoric acid, 49.5 lbs.				
5	Animal matter	500	Ammonia, 62 lbs	20.760	1360	12.8	1537
			Phosphoric acid, 62. lbs..				
6	Animal matter	600	Ammonia, 101.5 lbs	30.410	2141	11.2	2123
7	Cotton Seed Meal	500	Ammonia, 41.5 lbs		3512	11.3	3407
			Phosphoric acid, 19. lbs.. Potassium Oxide, 10 lbs..	31.660	3024	11.3	3032

N. B.—The sulphate of lime contained in the acid phosphate of lime has in no instance been specified; and the figures are copied as reported, except in the case of Nitrate of potassa, where the amount of nitric acid has been separately stated.

II.—MR. THOMAS M. CASE'S EXPERIMENTS

Were carried on under nearly identical conditions as those of Mr. Thompson; the amount of cane raised upon one acre (plot) is stated in loads, equal to about 3000 pounds, each.

No. of Plot	Material used for Fertilizer.	Quan'y used in pounds	Quantity of soluble constituents of the Fertilizer.	Am't of cane in loads 3000 lbs. each.	No. of gallons of cane juice.	Results of Polarization.	Total amt. of sugar obtainable.
1	Superphosphate of Lime	270	Phosphoric acid, 40. lbs..	17.	3076	13.80	3056
2	Superphosphate of Lime	270	Phosphoric acid, 40. lbs..				
	Cotton Seed Hull Ashes	200	Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs.	20.75	3700	12.62	3845
	Sulphate of Ammonia .	161	Ammonia, 40. lbs				
3	Not Fertilized	....	Phosphoric acid, 18.37 lbs	16.75	3007	13.83	3459
4	Cotton Seed Meal	500	Ammonia, 40. lbs				
			Potassium Oxide, 10. lbs..	19.75	3615	13.86	4193
5	Cotton Seed Hull Ashes	200	Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs.	18.	2744	14.40	3292
6	Sulphate of Ammonia.	100	Ammonia, 25. lbs				
	Superphosphate of Lime	200	Phosphoric acid, 32. lbs..	18.5	3089	13.15	3387
7	Superphosphate of Lime	400	Phosphoric acid, 64. lbs..				
	Sulphate of Ammonia..	100	Ammonia, 25. lbs	21.	3331	13.20	3630
	Nitrate of Potassa	100	Potassium Oxide, 40. lbs. Nitric acid, 45 lbs				
8	Cotton Seed Meal	200	Phosphoric acid, 42. lbs..				
	Superphosphate of Lime	200	Ammonia, 60. lbs				
	Sulphate of Ammonia .	50	Potassium Oxide, 24. lbs.	25.5	3988	13.44	4426
	Nitrate of Potassa	50	Nitric acid, 25 lbs				
9	Blood Fertilizer	800	Ammonia, 88. lbs	17.	2783	10.2	3200

It is gratifying to know that both gentlemen engaged in the investigation, propose to continue their experiments for some years, for the purpose to study their resources for the sugar manufacture under a more rational, agricultural and industrial system with the aid of the best means of art and science at their disposal. The manifest intelligence of the experimenters promises valuable results. To the friends of the introduction of the beet sugar industry, the Louisiana enterprise cannot be without considerable interest, for it will furnish them ultimately with a reliable basis for the estimation and proper appreciation of the extent of the home competition they eventually will have to contend with.

THE MORUS MULTICAULIS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I wish to thank you for the excellent article upon the sugar culture from beet. The occasional white mulberry trees seen as we pass over New England remind our older citizens of the famous and wide spread silk fever of forty years ago. Many planted orchards of the white mulberry upon the leaves of which they fed thousands of silk worms which made cocoons by the bushel. The few agricultural papers of the day teemed with learned articles demonstrating the great profit of silk growing among us. It would not pay. I see no reason why in certain sections of the United States, and possibly of New England, beet sugar may not be made a successful branch of industry. The Sorghum cultivation at the West is a very considerable item. Will not the lands that produce good tobacco generally produce good beets for sugar?

ANTS.

I see some one is troubled by them. So was I once, but by placing a plate covered with molasses where they came thickest and plunging the plate as soon as covered with ants into hot water, I was soon rid of the ants.

FRUITS, &c.

It is a little singular to notice that the apple and pear trees seem disposed to alternate each other in years of bearing. Last year I picked the blossoms from a fine thrifty apple tree in the full expectation that it would bear this year, but there is scarcely a blossom upon it. Can you explain this? I wish heartily to commend J. C. D.'s article upon your Agricultural College. Help the poor boys and they will help the State. The large premiums offered by the New England Agricultural Society speak well for the Society and the farming interest in New England. J. D. L.

Exeter, N. H., June 1, 1877.

CANKER WORMS CAUGHT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have found a complete remedy, simple and cheap, as follows: Bank the tree steeply a few inches with dry fine ashes, lime, plaster or *any* dust, then shake the worms from the tree *to the ground*, breaking the webs. The worms will immediately gather round the dust *but cannot pass it*, and then can be gathered and destroyed. G. A. M.

Melrose Highlands, June 4th, 1877.

PLOUGHING WET SOIL.

Hardly any practice on the farm is more to be deprecated than ploughing or stirring the soil in the spring when wet. This is one of the small operations, affecting oftimes a whole crop, and lasting injuriously through a whole season. Unless in a sandy soil stirring or moving by spade, plough or harrow when wet tends to compress and compact its particles, when the object is or ought to be to pulverize and make mellow. "Good tillage is manure," and stirring of wet soil is only allowable in a brick yard. No implement, that we know of, is capable of again opening lumps of earth to atmospheric action and influences after they have once closed up by compression and become externally hardened. Any one can observe this by moulding a lump of damp earth in his hand, when it becomes the consistence of putty. When exposed to the air it becomes nearly as hard as stone.—*Scientific American.*

RESOURCES OF TEXAS.

LETTER NUMBER II.

EVERGREEN, NEAR HOUSTON, Harris County, TEXAS, Dec. 20, 1876.

EDWARD ATKINSON, Esq.

Dear Sir: "How much good land for cotton is there on the line of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, say for a belt of 50 miles each side," is the next inquiry.

The Texas and Pacific commencing at the terminus at Shreveport, 20 miles east of the Eastern boundary of Texas and thence running in a westerly direction between the 32d and 33d parallel of latitude, and embracing with it, as in your inquiry, a belt of country 50 miles broad on either side of it, traverses or passes through for 500 miles a magnificent country unsurpassed in North America, or elsewhere in the world I believe, for the growing of cotton. To this should be embraced, as I understand your inquiry, the Trans-continental branch of the T. and P. R. R., from Texarkana to Marshall, a distance of 75 miles:—in all a distance of nearly 600 miles. For the region west of this, say from a point in about 102 degrees longitude where the general course of the T. and P. R. R. deflects south and crosses the 32d parallel, and thence to the Rio Grande, my information is too indefinite to enable me to express an opinion. Accordingly I shall have nothing further to say of this western or Rio Grande portion of the great belt.

You will observe that two portions of the belt of 50 miles on either side, to wit, from Shreveport to Marshall, and from Texarkana to Marshall, largely overlap each other.

Embracing in the estimate the district near 500 miles in extent from East to West, and 50 miles on either side; in my opinion sixty per cent of the entire area is "good land for cotton" ready for the plough, with only trifling ameliorations beyond clearing up forests where these exist and building fences for protection against domestic animals.

The country in question east of the Trinity River is generally timbered. West of this river, prairie formation largely predominates. In some of the central districts of the great belt under consideration, ninety per cent of the country is ready for the plough. I have travelled within our limits, a day's journey on horseback without passing over an acre of land that was not good for cotton and in fitting condition for immediate cultivation, excepting the precipitous borders of water courses.

The great timbered district of the eastern portion of the belt, are very good cotton lands, but not regarded as equal for cotton to the prairie lands further west. The soil of the timbered districts is almost universally a friable loam resting on a subsoil of clay.

The soil of the prairie districts is in some places a deep black sandy loam; in other places it is tenacious, but slacks and pulverizes finely when turned up by the plough. It is also very black, like the black sandy loam.

"*What is the best crop of cotton per acre under garden cultivation?*" is the next inquiry. I answer for a field of several acres, on first quality of land, with careful, thorough *garden* cultivation, without manuring, 600 pounds of lint cotton. In like manner, an equal quantity can be grown on land of second and third rate qualities, *with the aid of manure.* I am not speaking of fancy agriculture, but of practical, business farming for money, to be pursued for an indefinite number of years, conditioned always the thorough garden cultivation. I think the estimate of many planters would be on superior land with garden culture, 800 pounds of lint to the acre. This figure can be reached with unusual care, and it can be indefinitely so maintained by the addition of manures. I make here no account of the estimates of individuals having fancy cotton seed for sale, at fancy prices. I have often known 500 pounds of lint cotton and upwards gathered per acre from largish fields without manure and under our very imperfect agriculture.

"*What is your State doing about schools?*" is the next inquiry. I answer, making experiments with systems of common schools, Free Public Schools. Each Legislative body modifies profoundly the system existing for the time being, or substitutes a new system. None has yet been pitched on that works with moderate satisfaction to the people. Owing to the sparseness of our population, the establishment of adequate Common Schools is a problem of great difficulty. We have a large permanent school fund; one-fourth of the taxes are set apart for the maintenance of the Public Schools; magnificent reservations of land have been made and located, which will ere long constitute an immense dower for the support of schools. The people are impressed deeply with the importance of education. Private Schools are beginning to supplement the incompleteness of the Public Schools. Scattered over the State in the larger towns are institutions for imparting higher instruction. The people possess the means, there are conviction, earnestness, progress giving assurance of success in placing the means of education within the reach of all the children of the State, at no distant period.

"*What do you estimate the annual immigration?*" your next inquiry, has been already answered under the head of the population of the State. The compilers of the *Texas Rural Almanac* for 1876, estimate the immigration of the preceding year, 1875, at "full 200,000"—agreeing with the estimate of ex-Commissioner Gen. Robertson for nearly the same period. It is, I think, safe to adopt for the year now closing,—Gen. Robertson's figures for the year 1876-6 as given heretofore,—350,000.

In reply to your inquiry, "*Whence?*" Until within the last two years, the immigrants came chiefly from the old Southern States, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, the Carolinas, etc. There is of late a large and increasing proportion of immigrants from States further North, especially the great Central Northern States, as Indiana, Ohio and neighboring States, including Pennsylvania.

Your next inquiry is, "*Facts as to sugar.*" I sent you by mail a short time since, a copy of the *Galveston News* of Sept. 1, 1876, containing their Annual Review of the Commerce of Texas for the twelve months then preceding, to wit from Aug. 31, '75 to Sept. 1, '76. The statistics of the productions of Texas given in these Annual Reports of the *News*, are the fullest and safest that are accessible. Those on sugar, however, necessarily fall considerably below the actual production in Texas. For most of the sugar grown here is distributed and consumed in the State, without passing through any commercial port.

The coast country of Texas, to an extent of 100 to 150 miles from the Gulf, is well adapted to growing sugar. There is an increasing disposition in these districts to substitute it for cotton. The appliances devised in the Western States for making sorghum syrup, have been found when a little strengthened to be suited for manufacturing sugar from the sugar cane. The cost of all these appliances complete is less than the cost of the gin-house, gin-stand, etc., for cotton. Sugar growing is thus brought within the means of the small farmer. Its cultivation per acre is not more than half that required for cotton. A moderate average production on good upland is 1,000 pounds sugar, and 3 barrels molasses per acre. It is one of the surest crops. Its manufacture, called sugar boiling, is a process easily learned, less difficult in fact than the old fashioned domestic soap making. Its field cultivation is laid aside in June, not to be resumed till the latter part of October, when the rolling, or grinding season commences. The heats of July, August and September are thus avoided. Sugar growing is thus adapted to the small farm cultivation, which must in a great measure supersede the planting practised before the abolition of slavery.

"*Graring.*" The production of meat on the natural pastures of Texas has by no means reached the limits of the capacity of the State. For horned cattle it has attained only to a moderate fraction of its limits of capacity. Sheep do admirably everywhere from the immediate waters of the Gulf of Mexico to an indifinite distance inland. Districts depastured by horned cattle furnish an herbage particularly suited for sheep. The country is especially suited for sheep for wool—heavy fleeces and fine—also for excellent mutton sheep. They are as little liable to disease as in any country in the world. Domestic dogs destroy more sheep than all other causes together. A dog will trot around playfully all day among his master's sheep, and go ten miles at night to kill ten of another flock.

When to the horned cattle we add the sheep which Texas is capable of sustaining, the meat producing capacity of the State appears immense. The area of Texas is estimated at 175,594,000 acres. Upwards of 90 millions are held as private property, the balance, about 80 millions remain as public lands of the State. Only a most inconsiderable fraction of the lands owned by individuals are inclosed, the balance unenclosed are practically for pasturage, common property. There is, however, a growing practice of inclosing lands, without any culture, for stock raising.

"*Have you coal in quantity?*" is the next inquiry. Coal exists in Texas in immense abundance. Coal measures are found throughout a broad tract of country from the banks of the Rio Grande on the south to the Red River on the north. These measures extend into Mexico on the south and into the Indian Territory on the north. The coals are chiefly bituminous and brown coals. The cannel coal variety is met with. It is alleged also that anthracite has been found. These coals are considerably used; it is known that they exist in abundant quantities, but there has been no attempt at exploration deserving the name. We learn frequently, sometimes as often as every few days, of discoveries of new coal deposits, stumbled on as if by accident in many cases, within the broad tract of coal measures just mentioned.

I shall pursue inquiries on matters connected with the statistics of this State, and if I find anything of interest not embraced in printed documents which I propose to send you, I will trouble you with a supplementary letter. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, ASHBEL SMITH.

"ADMINISTRATOR."

OWNED BY COL. GEORGE F. STEVENS, OF POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

We are indebted to Col. Geo. F. Stevens of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for the above lifelike and spirited engraving of "Administrator," originally lithographed in colors by J. Mayer of Boston. We copy the following interesting and graphic description from a recent number of that excellent paper the *N. Y. Spirit of the Times.* The cut shows a faithful, lifelike and spirited picture of a horse of marked individuality and commanding appearance.

The subject of this sketch was, as is well known, sired by Ryskyk's Hambletonian, his first dam, a fast trotting mare, by Mambrino Chief, his second dam by Arabian Tartar, third dam by Duroc Messenger, and, in addition, nothing more need be said of his breeding as an impressive trotting sire than to refer to the fact that he is the nearest possible combination of the blood of the two great trotting families of Ryskyk's Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief that have produced themselves, and through their sons and daughters over one hundred and twenty-five performers that have made a record of 2.30 or better. This horse is described by Mr. "H. T. H.," in his work on trotting stallions, as follows, viz.: "He is a large and compact horse, in color a rich glossy brown—almost black—and late in the season shows a very rich display of bay or wine color about the muzzle and flank. He stands full 16 hands high, but has not the appearance of a tall horse. His head is clean, bony, and well shaped, not like that of Hambletonian, and having only a slight resemblance to that of the Mambrino Chief family, from which his dam came. His head, as well as his body and limbs, has no element of coarseness, but shows strong and positive outlines. It has the width of forehead, depth of brain, and clear, prominent eye, that marks the family of Abdallah. His jaw and throat are as fine and clear as could be asked, and his ear is thin and well-set on, and his neck of handsome length, carrying his head at a proper angle, gives him as fine a forward appearance as could be desired by the most fastidious. His shoulders and body are as good, strong, and evenly formed, for a horse of such great compactness, as can be found anywhere. His hind leg is a little straighter, but otherwise not unlike that of Hambletonian; and the thigh is noticeably long and very powerful; quarters very heavy, and the great muscle coming down within twelve inches of the hock. His outer muscle on the second thigh or gaskin is noticeably large and prominent; but the great excellence of his conformation of hind quarters lies in the distribution of the muscular combination from the hip to the croup all the way down the quarters and thighs, and the absence of massing of muscle above the second thigh at the expense of other portions of his near framework. In trotting he shows his feet well out in front, and bends his knees admirably, but without lifting them too high, and his hind feet extend well backward, but the steady and powerful stroke with which they are brought up under his body and sent forward, gives him the momentum of a very powerful trotter, but for all that, his way of going betokens the greatest ease. The muscles of the body and of the limbs and quarters work in such perfect harmony as to secure this easy and steady appearance in his trotting action. His hocks cannot be surpassed in strength, form, or soundness, and in all I have seen of his produce of full age, two-year-olds, yearlings, and young foals, I have not seen or heard of an unsound, defective, or ill-formed hock in the whole number. His broad, flat legs and general soundness are apparent to the most casual observer. His body is evenly formed throughout, and of the most muscular pattern." Mr. Helm closes his complimentary description of this horse as follows, viz.: "If we look for great excellence in any line of breeding, there is certainly much to commend to our favorable consideration a large and powerful animal, so perfect and faultless as the subject of the present sketch, when he is also the best and most perfect combination and union of the two families that have given to this country, respectively, a Lady Thorne and a Goldsmith Maid. Uniting in such perfect harmony the family lineage of the two great trotting queens, and in himself and his produce overcoming all the infirmities incident to either family, and displaying so much of the combined excellence of both, he cannot fail to occupy a high place in the estimation of every American breeder."

The Horse.

SHOEING OF HORSES.

For whatever purpose the horse is used, the shoe should not be too light; because it is then liable to be bent, and becomes an insufficient covering to the foot. The web of the shoe should be broad, and continued through the whole shoe to the heels, to give increased covering and protection to the sole of the foot. The outside of the shoe should exactly fit the crust of the hoof, thereby giving the entire foot an equal bearing on all its parts from the toe to the heel. The usual practice is to have a portion of the shoe projecting outwards, along both the outer and inner quarters of the hoof; and when this form of a shoe is connected with a narrowing of the web at the heel, the effect is to place the heel upon the inside line of the web, thereby producing or anequal tendency upon the ground to contract the foot. The setting off of the shoe at the heels is a great inconvenience to the horse when his foot sinks in the ground, and it is in this way the most of the shoes are pulled off and lost in the ground, or trodden off with the other feet. It is evident when the shoe fits the foot of the horse exactly, that when the foot is pulled up through the ground after sinking, the shoe must follow the foot without detriment or difficulty.

The shoe should be made sufficiently long to fully support the entire structure of the heels. The shoe should be of equal thickness throughout, and should be carefully adapted to the foot; this we cannot urge too strongly. If the shoe does not sit perfectly level all round, and if it extends so far outside the hoof that the nails are prevented from entering the crust at the exact spot, and in the very direction which they should, there will be a constant straining on the nails, which is injurious to the foot,

beautiful suburb of Boston; we have postoffice, school, and are soon to have a store and sawmill. At present, our nearest mill is three miles away, but that is not considered far in this land of magnificent distances.

Land is worth from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, according to location and is all of the best quality for orange culture; we have no swamps or large rivers, and are consequently entirely free from chills and other malarial diseases.

There are hundreds of places in Florida which will answer this description and which are just as desirable, but they must be looked far away from the St. Johns and the coast.

There is little known about the interior of Florida, because most writers do not leave the lines of comfortable travel and good hotels; but the tide is turning and those who once visit the "ridge" of Florida, never fail to return and settle.

Land can be bought here in lots of one acre to one hundred acres, and if R. H. will visit us he will find a New England welcome, and hearts and hands willing and quick to help him make life in Florida a success. E. W. H.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1877.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE FAIR TO BE HELD IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

Headquarters New England Agricultural Society,
No. 45 Milk Street, Boston, May 2d, 1877.

To Farmers, Mechanics, Artizans and all other Persons Interested in the Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society for the year 1877!

The New England Agricultural Society has perfected an arrangement with the **Maine State Agricultural Society**, by which a joint exhibition will be held at Presumpscot Park, in the City of Portland, Maine, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1877.

The Exhibition will open at one o'clock in the after noon, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and close on the afternoon of Friday, September 7th.

It is designed to make this Exhibition complete in every department and to that end a liberal Premium List is published in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, and will be issued in pamphlet form at an early day.

Correspondence is invited upon any and all subjects connected with the contemplated exhibition.

Letters may be addressed to Hon. Samuel Wasson, Secretary Maine State Agricultural Society, East Surry, Maine, or to the undersigned at Boston, Mass.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.

Maine is the largest State in New England, and its agriculture covers the largest area. A new spirit has entered into her enterprising farmers of late, and they are resolved on performances that will lift the standard of agriculture in the State up to the highest mark. They are sturdy men and intelligent in Maine, and what they undertake to do they generally perform.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The Russian army remains posted on the north bank of the Danube, waiting for the swollen current to subside before it attempts to cross. It is asserted that no forward movement can be made for as many as four weeks. There is a confusing variety of reports concerning the engagements in Asia Minor, and we shall have to wait a little to see what has really been done. The peace rumors are the most interesting feature of foreign intelligence, and they seem to offer the only practical explanation for the slow movement of the armies, the swollen condition of the Danube perhaps being added. On this subject Germany comes in for consideration, for the first time. The prevailing idea and belief is that Bismark's hand is holding the scales, and that he has at his disposal the conduct of France and Italy, and thus of Austria and England. Gladstone's Birmingham speech was received with the most marked popular enthusiasm, and would go to show that the people of England are at least not unanimously for war.

But the errand of Count Schouvaloff to London possesses as profound a current interest as almost any incident of the time. The Vienna correspondent of the *London Times* writes that he is supposed to be the bearer of a reply by Russia to Lord Derby's note. The tenor of it is given as follows: that Russia occupies the same ground as at the first, and has taken up arms only for the defence and protection of the Christian population of the Turkish provinces. And in addition to the above assurances, there are certain statements made in respect to the capture and occupation of Constantinople. That, of course, is the vital point. That it is the design of Russia, if possible, to push her victories to the point of that city's capture, is evident from many circumstances.

The Grand Duke Nicholas himself is reported to have recently said to a foreign consul—"neither Prince Bismark nor Lord Derby will prevent us from entering Constantinople as the Germans entered Paris, only to leave it again." That, certainly, is outspoken enough to be understood. As for peace, it is not to be expected that after all this preparation and marching Russia will herself propose terms, even if she consents to listen to them, until she has won a battle of importance. And from Pesth we are told in an authoritative manner that no European power will move in the direction of peace until Russia takes the first step. As she began the war and declared its cause, it is for her and not for any other power to say whether it has gone far enough to satisfy her demands or her honor. But the peace rumors will all have to wait on Russia's assurances respecting Constantinople and England's reception of them. If they were not satisfactory to the latter, peace would obviously be a premature topic of discussion.

The several Cabinets are with good reason believed to be carefully studying the effects of the territorial changes in Asia which are likely to be the result of the war. In all such changes England is more interested than the rest can be. It is perfectly possible for Russia, by her Asiatic conquests, to put in extreme jeopardy England's communication with India. Russia would strike straight south for the Indies, while England's road is by the sea still, thus giving the former the inside track. Yet Moslemism is to be accounted Russia's worst enemy and England's best ally in a design so vast as this. Russia's answer to England on the subject of Constantinople is made to the latter's direct inquiry as to her intentions; and upon that reply, soon to be made known, may turn the whole future of the state of Europe.

THE WEALTH OF BOSTON.

One of the speakers at the recent Anniversaries in this city said that if the entire property of Boston were to be divided among the population of the world, it would give them sixty-two cents apiece. The recent discussion of the Park question in the Board of Aldermen has brought numerous facts in relation to the growth and stature of the city which are of uncommon interest. The increase of property within a circle of six miles from City Hall is truly marvellous. In 1840 it was $43,000,000; in 1875 it was $187,000,000, or nearly nine times as much. We think that considerable deduction, however, is to be made on account of the changed methods of valuation, and also because of the natural depreciation by age of dwellings and other buildings. The City is rapidly increasing its wealth, nevertheless, and the period has been reached in its growth when, if ever, it would appear to be the time to provide a Public Park for its increasing population.

But if this is not done for recreative reasons, it must be for those of a sanitary nature. The necessity for a comprehensive system of drainage, that shall include in its operation the Charles River basin, the Back Bay and the South Bay, is conceded by every one who knows anything of the subject. Boston is at present suffering for lack of adequate drainage. The territory above named breeds malaria continually, which is swept into the chambers where people sleep at night and renders the tenure of health exceedingly precarious. This is the first task to which Boston will have to address itself if it expects to be a healthy as well as a wealthy city. And while engaged in the work of providing drainage, it may with profit propose to lay out a Park as it proceeds. Many of the parks of the Old World were originally sewer embankments that could not so cheaply be utilized in any other way.

Gen. Grant's reception in England is unusually brilliant. He has invitations ahead to dine for the whole month. He was entertained on Tuesday evening last by Minister Pierrepont, there being a thousand persons at the reception, including the most distinguished men in England. We mention such names as John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Schlemann, and the entire Cabinet, with the exception of Lord Beaconsfield. There were nearly as many Americans as Englishmen present. The nobility are offering the ex-President marked attentions, and his visit has taken the form of a social ovation.

The Condition of Europe.—It would be premature to prophesy peace in Europe at present. Instead of any appearance of a pacificatory feeling, the signs are all the other way. The combustible elements are the more numerous. Everything seems to be getting ready to help on the general commotion. The government of Austria is so much divided on the subject of the war that a crisis would not be surprising at any time. France has just submitted to a *coup d' etat*, the end of which has by no means been reached yet. In consequence of this step, Italy has gone straight over to Germany. Bismark hastens back from his estate to Berlin, and takes up the business of peace and war anew, with the explosion of a threat at France to begin with. England, though more wary and watchful than she was, is anti-Russian in the court circles and the government, and by no means for Turkey as yet on the popular side. And Russia waits for the slow subsidence of the waters of the Danube, and helps by her waiting to stir the elements of dissatisfaction well together.

The Trouble in France.—There is the best authority for believing that it was through Madame MacMahon's influence that the old Simon cabinet was summarily dismissed and the DeBroglie installed in its place. She was deeply disgusted with the former, of course for its republicanism chiefly. So that the breaking up of the old cabinet was the work of the Ultramontane, or ecclesiastical party, and that the reason why Germany took note of it so soon. Bismark gave notice openly to the French representative at Berlin that he would submit to nothing of the kind. It is as certain as anything can be that France has exposed herself to the hostility of Germany, which will not hesitate to bring down its hand on the influence now uppermost with all its weight. That explains in great part Germany's secret understanding with Italy, where the sacerdotal element still struggles for the supremacy. And if worst comes to worst, the dealing of the German Government with the Catholic element at home will be as positive and final as it can be made.

Mr. Motley.—The distinguished American who has just been buried in English soil, near Thackeray and other literary celebrities, was for a few months Minister to England himself, as he had before been Minister to Austria. It was in his literary rather than his diplomatic capacity that he achieved distinction, and that, too, of a permanent kind. He will always be known as the historian of the Dutch Republic. He told the story, as it never was told, of the long and successful struggle of the Netherlands to break away from the Spanish yoke, and in his narrative are to be found portraits which will live with those of Vandyke and Velasquez. His was not a judicial temperament, but he wrote more in the advocate's spirit; always with fervor, and often with eloquence, in a richly colored rhetoric, but never at the sacrifice of truth on either side.

Every appearance pledges the success of the Fair at Portland. Men are taking hold of the preparatory work with a harmony of purpose and an energy of will that are sure to sweep all before them. The farmers of all the other States are falling into line.

Young and His Policy.—My policy, said Brigham Young recently to a newspaper correspondent from New York, is the peace and prosperity of the Mormon people. We double once in six years in population. To-day there are 150,000 Mormons, extending from Dakotah down through Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. Six years from to-day, if no war is made on us, we will have 300,000 people; and in twelve years, or in 1890, we shall have 600,000 people. We have now—he continued—20 incorporated cities, 300,000 acres under irrigating canals, 358 schoolhouses, 12 newspapers, missionaries in every nation of the world, 20,000 militia, 6 cotton and woolen factories, 500 miles of railroad, telegraphs all over the Territory, and temples enough built and building for all to worship in. He advises the cultivation of small farms, never to sell them, and making every thing needed to eat, drink and wear.

The Molly Maguires.—Five of these men are condemned to death on the gallows, and they have been doomed for a day at the end of the present month. Strenuous efforts are making to influence the Pennsylvania Board of Pardons to commute the sentences. There is no question that a stronger feeling can be excited for them in consequence of their all having to hang at the same place and on the same day. The spectacle of the simultaneous execution of five men is one calculated to stir a sentiment of horror. Yet the crimes for which these men are condemned are of great enormity. They manifested the utmost barbarity in the commission of them. No consideration of humanity stood in the way of their cruelty. And what is more, it has cost years of endeavor, and courage and risk untold, to ferret out these guilty men, bring them securely to trial, and finally convict them. There is no question of doubt as to their guilt, for that has been exposed by their own confederates. What motive the government of a State like Pennsylvania can have for saving such a society as that to which the condemned men belong, passes human comprehension.

A Family at Sea.—The sailing of the New Bedford Captain and his wife for Liverpool in the little vessel not much over nineteen feet long, and broad and deep to correspond, has provoked more or less current newspaper comment, and of various kinds. One journal assumes that he is a brave man who is willing to be shut up alone with his wife for forty days and nights, with not the slightest possible chance of escape for either of them. But that depends on how happy they have generally been in one another's company. In point of fact, however, the little vessel is accounted fully as safe as an ocean steamer, and much more so than the little ninety ton pinnace in which Columbus came over. She is a boat built expressly for this hazardous service, and will be as likely to go through it in safety as any other could. He will find a plenty of westerly breezes at this season, and he will not be liable to get caught in any gales *Bon voyage!* say we.

The Massachusetts Press Association, of which George S. Merrill is President, has made arrangements to start on its annual excursion on Wednesday next, the route to be to New York, up the Hudson by daylight, Trenton Falls, the Thousand Isles and Rapids of the St. Lawrence River, Plattsburgh, An Sable Chasm, Lake Champlain, and the Hoosac Tunnel. It is a plan of travel that combines a number of attractions, the steamboat voyaging perhaps predominating. The St. Lawrence will be sailed down, and so will Lake Champlain, and both by daylight. It would be difficult to arrange a more taking route. We sincerely wish the Association the pleasantest of times, and that recreation from a year's labor which its members have so well earned.

Giving it Up.—The preparations for the war on the part of Russia have consumed just time enough to reveal the fact that Turkey is no match for her opponent. With Russian armies in vastly superior force on the North and the East, and Montmania, Servia, Hersegovina and Greece hemming her in on the West, it does look as if her time had come indeed. So thinks the *London Times*, at any rate. It freely asserts that however stout a fight she may make she must succumb in the end. She has no money to put an army in the field with, and still less to keep it there. The *Times* believes that Europe will accept the catastrophe. No nation, it says, will go to war again to support that which cannot be supported. No real statesman will cling to a dead element in a system, instead of looking for the living forces. This is plain talk. It is giving it up. It admits that Russia may have her will on Turkey, and has nothing further to say about even Constantinople.

READ AND RUN.

—The Ancients and Honorables paraded and had their annual dinner on Monday—the first Monday in June.

—The discovery of the lost arms of the immortal Venus of Milo is an event of profound interest in the world of art. The statue itself was found in 1820.

—The rumors that Gen. Butler intends to cultivate a sheep farm in Colorado do not appear to have truth in them.

—Strawberry festivals are now in order, and we shall see no end of them till the last of this luscious fruit is picked for the season.

—It is about an even chance if Mexico does not suffer herself to drift into trouble with us, in consequence of the marauding on the Texas border.

—Not a great deal of stock is as yet taken in the peace rumors that come from Europe. They appear to originate in Berlin, and Bismark is well known to be too deep for ordinary penetration.

—The death of the historian Motley in England calls forth universal expressions of regret and affectionate respect, both abroad and at home.

—Perhaps, remarks a Baltimore paper, Gen. Grant will improve his opportunity to tell the British that California is not the capital of Boston.

—The effort to make silver subsidiary coin legal tender for all amounts whatever is met with a powerful opposition that will probably put such a scheme out of the way.

—Last week was by all odds the hottest week so early in the season that people care to try to remember.

—The project of introducing cheap cabs into New York, on the London plan, is at present more promising than it has been at any previous time.

—The College Class Day is widely dispensed with this year, much to the disappointment of young ladies.

—A girl in Lewiston, Maine, is under arrest for stealing a horse and carriage.

—It has been rather warm weather to follow up the daily fire record.

—It is asserted that the buying and selling of slaves is openly carried on in Cairo, Egypt.

—The Cocheco Manufacturing Company at Dover, N. H., has contracted for the building of another mill.

—Brattleboro shipped thirty-five tons of maple sugar to market last season.

—An unsophisticated Hatfield farmer wants to know if the potato bugs do not have to set on their eggs to hatch them. We only wish they did.

—Turf matters begin to manifest a decided activity.

—Georgia talks of changing her Constitution, so that she can set up a public whipping post.

—The exportation of meats from the United States to England is rapidly increasing, and promises to make a substantial and permanent trade.

—A bill has been defeated in the South Carolina legislature, prohibiting intermarriage between the whites and blacks.

—The resignation of Caleb Cushing as Minister to Spain has not yet been accepted, and it is intimated that he can return to Madrid in an official capacity if he desires to.

—The President is expected to visit Boston on the 17th of June.

—The Arizona Indians are making a great deal of trouble with their robberies and murders.

—Providence is going to provide herself with a public hall that will seat two thousand persons, to be on the level with the street. It will be the largest in the city.

—The harbor steamers are running again, and the coast hotels are opening for the season's custom.

—Passenger rates from Chicago to Boston are again reduced, this time to fifteen dollars.

—Georgia has made haste, and got some of her ripe peaches into our market.

—A new receiving tomb has just been completed at Mount Auburn, after several years of labor. Its cost is $10,000, and it will accommodate one hundred and twenty-eight bodies.

—Dry goods are going dog cheap about this time.

—Gen. Grant tells them in England that he is no horse racer, and never attended but two races in his life.

—They begin to understand at the South that planters must make place for farmers.

—A son of President Hayes graduates at the Harvard Law School this month.

—The season of clam-bakes is come around once more, and ever so many people are happy.

—Green corn on the cob is what Florida folks are luxuriating in.

—The ocean cable is able to transmit poetic despatches.

—By universal consent, the Russian war against the Turk goes forward with unparalelled slowness.

—The exodus from this country to Europe has now set in, in a full stream.

—Custom House investigations are the order of the day.

—All the High Church ritualists of the Church of England are to be prosecuted.

—The Princess of Wales is reported to be sinking from physical prostration.

—The Pope recently remarked, "among the innumerable gifts I have received, nobody has given me what I most wanted—a pair of legs." He will have his joke.

—The Queen of England's monogram now reads "V. R. I." meaning Imperatrix as well as Regina.

—The mackerel are keeping their schools in the Bay of Fundy.

—A New Haven man is to take a cruise on a mattress, properly buoyed, and supplied with a sufficiency of provisions and an umbrella.

—Another American vessel has been boarded off Key West by a Spanish cruiser, and the captain kept in confinement for several days.

—Quincy and Faneuil Hall Markets will close daily at 5½ P. M., until October.

—The Custom House is hereafter to be open for business, by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, from 9 A. M., to 4 P. M.,—an hour longer.

—The forest fires have gone West, and are now doing their destructive service in Michigan.

—The Western farmers are estimated to have lost $20,000,000 last year by hog cholera, but improved prices this year in consequence promise to make it up to them.

—The Turkish army is reported in anything but a favorable condition.

—The Queen of Holland had a strong liking for the historian Motley, and it is not a little remarkable that she died on the day of his funeral.

—The revival of coaching is nothing more than the return of an old fashion. Things travel in circles.

—A man in North Londonderry, Vt., caught three bears in his trap in one day last week.

—The Commencement exercises for Dartmouth are announced.

—The Circus has been in town this week, to the delight of the fathers of all small boys.

—A brother of the historian Motley is said to be living in Berwick, Maine, at a very advanced age.

—The Maine Dairymen's Association hold their fair in September with the Penobscot County Agricultural Society.

—The Worcester Reform Club, that a year ago had 175 members, now has 1146.

—The Freemasons are everywhere making their annual arrangements for the celebration of St. John's Day.

—They calculate it will take Brigham Young several years to get through celebrating his silver wedding.

—The Essex Institute of Salem contemplates a number of summer excursions to places worth seeing and knowing outside of New England.

—Plymouth claims to be the first city or town in the country in which gas was used for illuminating purposes.

—The *Danbury News* says it is the lack of foliage that makes a billiard table so unhealthy.

—They are putting the screws to the press in France as fast as they dare.

—Von Moltke thinks the Russians so far have the best position and chances.

—Mount Carmel, Ill., was totally destroyed on Monday afternoon last by a tornado.

—Lord Derby has given notice in an indirect way to Russia that any attempt on her part to blockade the Suez Canal would be regarded by England as a menace to India.

—The overplus of three cent coins which was reported in the South are coming, to a large extent, to Boston.

—The highest land in Connecticut is in Salisbury, in the extreme northwestern corner of the State.

—An old Irish lady in Somerville, 103 years old, was knocked down and run over by two reckless boys who were driving.

—The seventeen year locusts are coming, too.

—Gen. Crook reports that no more troops are needed in Utah, and that everything there is peaceful.

—A suspension of all the iron manufactories on both sides of the Alleghanies for sixty days is proposed.

The Circassians are coming over to the side of the Turks, and will prove a great accession to their cavalry force. With the Bashi-Bazouks they are capable of inflicting great damage on an enemy. A party of them crossed the Danube the other night, and captured the sentinels at the Russian batteries.

The Horse.

WINTHROP MORRILL BROOD MARES AND COLTS.

The following schedule represents the famous **Winthrop Morrill Stock** to be sold at auction by T. B. Williams, at his farm near Weld Street, West Roxbury, Saturday, June 16:

No. 20. Hebe, br. m. Dam of Hazor (2.27¼) and several other trotters. Stinted to Winthrop Morrill.

No. 21 Fan, wh m., foaled 1858. Dam of Baby Boy (2.30) and filly foaled May 7th by Winthrop Morrill, and stinted to him again.

No. 22. Harriet, b. m., foaled 1871. Own sister of Hazor, colt by Ben Morrill, foaled April 16th. Stinted to Winthrop Morrill.

No. 23. Highland Queen, b. m., foaled 1866 by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Dam by Thomas Jefferson, the son of Mambrino Paymaster, Jr. 2d Dam by Mambrino Paymaster. With foal by Winthrop Morrill. (See Wallace, vol. 3, page 239.)

No. 24. Caprice, b. m., foaled 1864, by Toronto Chief. Dam by Roe's Abdallah Chief. With foal by Winthrop Morrill.

No. 25. Thankful, b. m., foaled June 1, 1872, by Squire Talmage (Strader's Hambletonian). Dam by Sayer's Harry Clay. 2d Dam by Telegraph, filly by Ben Morrill, foaled May 24th. Stinted to Winthrop Morrill.

No. 26. Moselle, b. m., foaled May 17, 1871, by Mapes' Hambletonian. Dam by Edsall's Jupiter. 2d Dam by Wildair, with foal by Winthrop Morrill.

No. 27. Matron, b. m., foaled 1863, by Balrownie. Dam Young Joice Heth, by Abdallah. 2d Dam Wm. Lull's Joice Heth. Stinted to Winthrop Morrill.

No. 28. Paton, Grey mare, foaled 1866, by Melbourne, Jr. Dam by Smith's Highlander. 2d Dam by Buck Elk. Colt by Winthrop Morrill, foaled May 4th. Stinted to him again.

No. 29. Lucy Nutter, Bay mare, foaled 1866, by Melbourne, Jr. Dam by Old Woodford. Stinted to Winthrop Morrill.

No. 30. Adelle, br. m., foaled August 1, 1866, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Dam Kate Smith, by Abdallah. Bay filly by Winthrop Morrill, foaled April 13th. Stinted to him again. (See Wallace, vol. 1, page 56.)

YEARLINGS.

(Most of them less than a year old.)

No. 1. Rue, s. f., foaled August 2, 1876, Dam Ruth, by Fearnaught. 2d Dam Lady Myrick, by North Horse.

No. 2. Frances, s. f., foaled July 8, 1876, Dam by Wells Horse, he by Eaton.

No. 3. Talma, br. c., foaled June 24, 1876. Dam Thankful, by Squire Talmage, (Strader's Hambletonian.) 2d Dam, by Sayer's Harry Clay. 3d Dam, by Telegraph.

No. 4. Kite, b. c., foaled May 20, 1876. Dam Kitty. (S. R. Mead mare.) Kite is own brother of Ralph.

No. 5. Meuse, br. f., foaled July 7, 1876. Dam Moselle, by sire's Hambletonian. 2d Dam, by Edsall's Jupiter. 3d Dam, by Wildair.

No. 6. Harcon, s. c., foaled July 12, 1876. Dam Matron, by Baltrownie. 2d Dam Young Joice Heth, by Old Abdallah. 3d Dam Joice Heth, (Wm. Lull's.)

No. 7. Lucia, b. f., foaled April 17, 1876. Dam Lucy Nutter, by Melbourne, Jr. 2d Dam, by Woodford.

No. 8. Prosper, b. c., foaled April 16, 1876. Dam, by General Putnam, son of Ethan Allen.

No. 9. Sonata, b. f., foaled July 4, 1876. Dam Symphony, by Middletown. 2d Dam Kitty Mills, by Am. Star. 3d Dam, by Wildair.

No. 10. Helen, b. f., foaled April 13, 1876. Dam Hebe, the Dam of Hazor.

No. 11. Carl, br. c., foaled July 16, 1876. Dam Caprice, by Toronto Chief. 2d Dam, by Roe's Abdallah Chief. (Caprice is Dam of Bowen's Young America mare.)

TWO-YEAR OLDS.

No. 12. Winner, bl. g., foaled April 1875. Dam by General Putnam, son of Ethan Allen.

No. 13. Pasto, b. g. foaled April 24, 1875. Dam Paton, by Melbourne Jr. 2d Dam, by Smith's Highlander. 3d Dam, by Buck Elk.

No. 14. Papoose, gr. g., foaled April 29, 1875. Dam Fan, Dam of Baby Boy. This Colt is own brother of Baby Boy.

No. 15. Hal. s. g., foaled June 16, 1875. By Thomas Jefferson. Dam Hannah, by Volunteer. 2d Dam Tom Hyer's hundred mile mare.

No. 16. Delta. s. g., foaled August 30, 1875. By Glenair, (son of Messenger Duroc.) Dam Delia, by Jupiter Abdallah, Jr. 3d Dam Woodbine (thoroughbred).

THREE-YEAR OLDS.

No. 17. Eli. bl. g., foaled September 20, 1874. By Winthrop Morrill. Dam's pedigree not traced.

No. 18. Cornelia. b. m., foaled 1874. By Col. Coleman. Dam's pedigree unknown. Col. Coleman, by Commodore, a son of Billy Boice, White Face, Rose Standish, &c.

MARE AND FOAL.

No. 19. Melrose. b. m., foaled May, 1869. By Melbourne, Jr. Dam, by Colossus. 2d Dam, by Wagner. Colt by Winthrop Morrill, and Mare stinted to him again.

See advertisement in another column.

There is going to be a rousing agricultural time at the Fair in Portland, next September. Maine farmers are wide awake on the subject, and they will pour in the enthusiasm where it is most needed to help on the work.

THE MUZZLING OF DOGS.

The action of the Board of Aldermen regarding dogs is contained in the orders given herewith, which shows that the Board has acted in accordance with Mr. Angell's suggestion at a Committee hearing. All dogs found unmuzzled are to be seized and confined for three days, subject to redemption by their owners within that time; and if not redeemed, to be mercifully killed :—

Alderman Breck, from the Committee on Ordinances, made a report on the subject of muzzling dogs, and recommended the passage of the following order :

Ordered, That the Committee on Police be authorized to make suitable arrangements for capturing all dogs running at large unmuzzled or unaccompanied by their owners or keepers, for killing such dogs in cases where dogs bite, after keeping them in a suitable place for a period of not less than three days, during which time the owners of said dogs may redeem them upon payment of a fee to be fixed by said committee.

BITTEN BY A DOG.—Samuel Stillings of 38 Gray street, while walking in the vicinity of his house Monday morning, was bitten by a dog. He watched the animal for a few moments, and fearing that he was mad, procured a pistol and shot him in a doorway.

We may not credit all these forest fires to the tramps, but there is no doubt that they may fairly be credited with a good many of them. It is hardly possible to predict where the wood for the various uses of the country is coming from, if our forests are to be destroyed at the present rate. The fires that have been raging in Michigan are a most melancholy illustration of the recklessness that prevails. The least that can be done to offset these severe losses is to keep planting trees, acre by acre.

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles at $1, for the cure of colic, old sores, sprains and bruises, is the best in the world, or no pay. TOBIAS' CONDITION POWDERS are warranted to cure fever, loss, worms, give a fine coat, and increase the appetite; 25 cents; certified to by Colonel D. McDaniel, owner of some of the fastest running horses in the world, and hundreds of other persons. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston. Agents.

SPECIAL NOTICES

☞ Be sure and ask your grocer for the *Boston Yeast Powder*, the best, and purest Baking Powder in the market. There is an actual saving of about 40 pounds of flour to the barrel by using this powder. ap28-4t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, June 3, by Rev. Alexander Blaikie, D. D., Mr. Alexander C. Duncan of Stoneham, to Miss Maria B. Arnold of Duxbury.

June 3, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, Mr. Edward Burgess of Boston, to Miss Caroline L. Sullivan, daughter of the late William S. Sullivan, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio.

June 1, by Rev. George L. Chaney, Charles W. Lovell of Boston, to Miss F. Beck, both of Boston.

In Roxbury, June 1, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Horatio Woodman of Boston, to Sarah Elizabeth Foster, daughter of Edwin Lemist of Roxbury.

In Somerville, June 1, by Rev. J. J. Miller, Herbert B. Phelps to Miss Mary F. Cornell, both of Stanbridge East, Province of Quebec.

In Milton, May 24, by Rev. Joseph Osgood, Joseph O. Osgood to Nancy Tennant, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Dr. John Littlefield of Milton.

In Salem, June 5, by Rev. George Batchelder, Mr. Henry M. Batchelder to Miss Martha O., daughter of N. A. Horton, Esq.

In Concord, N. H., June 4, by Rev. G. Leach, Edward B. S. Sanborn, Esq., of Franklin Falls, to Helen E. Tappan, daughter of Charles R. Tappan, Esq., of N. H.

In North Woodstock, Conn., May 30, by Rev. Mr. Osgood, Wm. H. Child, M. D., of Harwichport, Mass., to Miss Susan R. Child of North Woodstock, Conn.

DEATHS.

In Roxbury, June 4, Supply C. Thwing, 78 years.

In Dorchester, June 4, Richard C. Bazin, 55 years 4 months 10 days.

In Cambridge, June 1, Mrs. Lucy Willard, widow of the late Charles Willard, 75 years 6 months.

In Waltham, June 3, Samuel Perry, 71 yrs 4 mos.

In Marblehead, May 30, John H. Wilkins, 47 years.

In Braintree, May 31, Mrs. Maria B. Humphrey, 72 years 11 months 9 days.

In East Lexington, June 4, Anna, wife of Sidney Lawrence, 67 years.

In Walpole, June 3, William Lewis, 73 years.

In Newburyport, May 29, Sarah, wife of Ebenezer Wheelwright, 77 years 9 months.

In San Bernardino, Cal., May 20, Charles C. Bradley, adopted son of Joseph Watson of West Newbury, 16 years 11 months.

☞ *The Ames Plow Company* hold still another of their auction sales of agricultural implements and machines in Quincy Hall, on Thursday next, when another large amount of their favorite stock will be disposed of to the best bidders This Company has offered a matchless series of bargains to the farming public for months past, and it may well feel satisfied with the increased popularity it has achieved from the large attendance which has invariably responded to its weekly announcements. The season is not too far advanced to make the purchase of any and all kinds of implements and machinery a timely and sagacious provision; and if some things will be needed next winter or spring that are not now, it is good policy to make the purchase at present low figures and keep the articles all ready for service when the time comes. The approaching sale should be one of the largest ones of the whole series.

☞ The *Bradley Fertilizer Company*, at No. 24 Broad Street, can show a Centennial Medal "for the most complete and instructive exhibition of artificial fertilizers of superior quality." The Bradley Superphosphate of Lime, for summer grown crops is the wearer of many honors in the shape of testimonials. For buckwheat, corn fodder and Hungarian grass, turnips and the like, it is pronounced by those who have given it a fair trial, without a successful rival. The Company's announcement in last week's *Ploughman* told in detail how it benefited each one of the above crops, and set forth in correct phrase the necessity of pushing agricultural operations along to the utmost this season, in view of events abroad and opportunities at home. A large sale of this fertilizer should be effected at this season, for it is just the time when its stimulating properties are most in request.

☞ *Farrar's Illustrated Guide Book* to Rangeley, Richardson, Kennebago, Umbagog and Parmachenee Lakes, and Dixville Notch, contains a variety of pertinent illustrations of the route travelled and the Lake scenery, together with a new and correct map of the Lake region. The game and fish laws of Maine and New Hampshire, as well as the railroad, steamboat and stage routes, are given; also time-tables, tables of fares, list of hotels, board, and other information for the sportsman, tourist or pleasure seeker. The region of the Rangeley Lakes in Maine is becoming so well known that almost every one who is planning an excursion for recreation will be eager to see what this guide-book has to offer. Published by Lee & Shepard.

☞ *Palmer, Bachelder & Co.* are the Boston agents for the most celebrated watches made in the world. Their list is one which few persons in want of a watch could resist. All the American as well as the foreign watches, together with Paris marble clocks, French travelling clocks, bronzes, diamonds, fine jewelry, sterling silver ware, silver-plated wares, and opera glasses are to be had at their superbly equipped establishment, which seems more like a museum of art than a jewelry store. This widely-known firm makes a specialty of the famous Patek, Phillipe & Co.'s watches, and issue a handsome little book containing the testimonials of those who have purchased and carried them. It is a house that enjoys a reputation too solid to be shaken, and anything coming from its cases or shelves will be certain to give permanent pleasure and satisfaction.

☞ We would call the attention of such of our readers as are in need of medical advice to the card of Dr. Dewey, in another column, announcing his *New Cure*. We hear excellent reports of Dr. Dewey and the success of his New Treatment in difficult cases.

☞ The contents of the *Westminster Review* are Popular Fallacies concerning the Functions of Government; Courtship and Marriage in France; Charles Kingsley; Slavery in Africa; Lord Macaulay as a Historian; The Factory and Workshop, Acts, Part II; Russia; and Contemporary Literature. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York.

It is no such affair to travel across New England as it once was. The day of railroads is a new day, and makes a great many things possible that were not thought of before. Every farmer in New England can reach Portland with great ease after he once strikes a railroad, and for that reason the excuse will be small for his absence from the Fair. He ought to hold that he has earned the right to attend the Great Fair of the New England Agricultural Society, by his labor of the year.

THE HIGHEST RAILROAD BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.—The Cincinnati papers are giving accounts of the opening of the new Southern Railroad from that city to the Kentucky River, where there is said to be the highest railroad bridge yet built. It is 275 feet high, having three spans, the middle one 375 feet long, and the others 300 feet each, the total length being 1125 feet. There is a bridge in Switzerland which is 254 feet high, but spans only 144 feet long, and one at Cayuga, in the Andes, 252 feet high, with spans 125 feet long. The piers of this Kentucky bridge, except those at Brooklyn, are the largest in the country, the stone work being 130 by 47 feet, and the base of the iron work 117 by 28. The frame is all wrought iron and was built out from the abutments to the middle of the centre span, the fastening of the junction points was accomplished in a novel way. One sunshiny day having expanded the warmth of the sun, the connecting bolts were fastened, and so much secured; then at second day of sunshine having given all the expansion the bridge was capable of, the bolts were made fast permanently. In opening the bridge for boats, the bridge was subjected to seven severe tests and stood them all admirably.

THOUSANDS OF AFFIDAVITS.

Many having used "patent" and prepared medicines and failed in finding the relief promised, are thereby prejudiced against all medicines. Is this right? Would you condemn *all* physicians because one failed in giving the relief promised? Some go to California in search of gold, and after working hard for months and finding none, return home and say there is no gold there. Does some go to Florida for health, and finding pulmonary affections have used the worthless preparations that crowd the market, and in their disappointment say there is no cure for Consumption, Does that prove it? Does it not rather prove that they have failed to employ the proper remedy? There are thousands of people in the United States who can make an affidavit that they have used Dr. Jordan shelled 42c44c; Peanuts, Va., $1 10@ 130; do. Tenn., —@—c; do. African $1 00@1 20; Pecans 7@9c; Chestnuts 10@11c; Walnuts —@—c; do. Grenoble —@—c; Brazil nuts —c; Castinas 6@7c; Cocoanuts $5 50.

Molasses.—The stock is much reduced, being now but little over a thousand hogsheads of foreign, against nearly 10,000 hogsheads last year. This restricts sales.

We quote Porto Rico at 50@55c; do. prime choice 55@60c; Barbadoes 50@—c; Cienfuegos 45@52c; Belting, 50 test 52@—c; Muscovado 42 @46c; New Orleans 54@58c.

Rice.—Buyers are gradually coming to terms, and the advanced rates are getting firmly established.

We quote Carolina, fair 5¼@6c; do. good 5¾@ 6c; do. prime 6¼@6½c; do. choice 6¾@7c; Rangoon, 4 3@4¾c.

Seeds.—Grass seeds are dull and out of season.

We quote Hungarian $1 25; do. Jersey $2 50 @2 75; Clover, Western 13@14c; do. N. Y., 14@ 15c; do. Michigan 14½@15c; Herdsgrass $2 00 @2 12½; Timothy $1 80@2 00; Red Top, bag 1½@2 00.

Spices —For invoices there is scarcely any inquiry, while the jobbing trade is only for the supply of immediate wants.

We quote Cassia, China in mats, 20½c; do. stems 15@ 15¾c; Cassia, Canton 22@22½c; do. Batavia, 22@ 22½c; Ginger, African 8@8½c; do. Calcutta 6¾@ 7c; Black Pepper, Sumatra 13½@13¾c; do. Singapore 13¾@13¾c; Nutmegs, case 85@95c; Mace, gold 90@95c; Pimento, gold 13@13½c; Sago 6¼c; Tapioca, cr 6¼@6¾c.

Sugar is steady and firm at last week's prices.

We quote Muscovado fair at 10@10¼c; good refining 10¾@10¾c; good to prime grocery 10¾@ 10¾c; choice do. 10¾@11c; No. 7 to 9, 9¾@10¼c; No. 10 to 12, 10¼@10¾c; Java Nos. 10 to 11, 10¼@11¼c; Manillas 9¾@9¾c; Ilollos 9¾c.

Refined has been in fair demand, and the market has ruled steady at our last week's quotations.

We quote crushed at 12¼c; powdered at 12¼c; granulated at 12¼@12½c; standard A at 11¾@12c; extra C 11¾@11¾c; yellow at 10¾@10¾c ₱ lb.

Teas.—The market has continued to rule very dull, but is not noticeably weak.

Oolong good 27@33½ do. choice 38@43; do. Amoy 27@33½; Formosas, choice 58@76; do. good 40@57; do. common 32@37; Japan, common 22@30; do. good 33@35; do. fine 40@49; do. choice 50@57½; Gunpowder, 37½@47½; do. fine 43 @44; do. Young Hyson 13@27; do. do. 3d 30@34; Gunpowder, 1st 70@82; Imperial 1st 50@67; Souchongs, fair 22@26c; do. fine 46@57; Twankays 20@24.

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THE MARKET.
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Dome of Quincy Market has this sale, and a full assortment above.
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patterns ever invented.
RAKES, SCYTHES, SCYTHE RAKES and SCYTHE STONES.
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ers of New England should avail t chance to buy at the old head- mplements and machinery in the rest of manufacture. or shine. jy9-1t

ymen. Attention.
ual Meeting of the AMERICAN N OF NURSERYMEN, SEEDS- STS will be held at Chicago on dings beginning June 20th, at its ing three days. Headquarters at which has offered reduced rates e Convention. Reduced rates of ing Railroads. All in the trade ed are cordially invited to be
ODY, *Pres.*, Lockport, N. Y. *Secretary*, Galena, Ill. B. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y. R. HARRISON, Painesville, Ohio. K. SCOFIELD, Freeport Ill. *Executive Committee.*

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ONDITION POWDERS
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NGER IN USING
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. Large 16mo. $1.50. Cook says: "A distinguished en to it. It has a quite distinc- however we have opened it, we and strengthened by its words." THROP & CO., Publishers.
BBER URINALS,
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LING INCIDENT
Mrs. Ingalls, in Burmah, is well Messenger," relating how she ne of the Buddhist high priests, y killed; and how, while in the their temple, where none but ere been admitted, she was per- use for him the sacred vessels, high priest dare touch, and to on one of their gods to rest; all fluence of the Pain Killer, called ingenuity," so successfully has she ir many diseases, some of them e fatal in that climate, among liver complaint, dyspepsia, the ntis, &c. This speaks volumes *Evening Transcript.*
Missionary at Ongole, Southern e esteem your Pain Killer very stings, cholera, &c., and cannot without it."
Missionary at Tavoy, Burmah, happy to assist in extending a ely safe and effectual." AVIS & SON, *Proprietors*, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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h of Massachusetts
Probate Court. ted in the estate of CONSTAN of Bedford, in said County. AAC P. BACON, the executor said deceased, has presented for and final account of his adminis- of said deceased. ed to appear at a Probate Court Cambridge, in said County, on the instant, at nine o'clock in the ause, if any you have, why the lowed. is ordered to serve this Cita- by some one week, in the Mas- n, a newspaper printed at Bos- cessively, the last publication to before said Court. M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge rth day of June, in the year of and eight hundred and seventy- J. H. TYLER, Register.

New Advertisements.

The "Gleaner"

RAKES
Cleaner than any

HORSE RAKE in use, and does not scratch or tear the ground. The teeth are so shaped and hung that the points run flat on the ground in a direct line with the tread of the wheels, and thus glide under and lift and carry the hay without dragging it. Each tooth works independently, and it takes but a second to remove one or put it in place. The Rake is constructed of the best material and in a most thorough manner. It carries a large winrow and always gives perfect satisfaction.

Call and see it, or send for circular.

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43 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.
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MANURES.

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FOR SUMMER CROPS.

Farmers will find summer crops to pay, particularly Hungarian, Turnips, Mangel Wurzel, Fodder Corn, &c. From 4 tons of Hungarian have been raised to an acre, with an application of $11 worth of Stockbridge Manure, also, other large crops at small cost.

REMEMBER each Manure is used without stable dung, as it will carry out the crop for which it is made, and often costs *less* than the *hauling* of stable dung. **ORDER NOW FOR**

HUNGARIAN OR MILLET,
Fodder Corn, Cabbage, Turnips, Squash, Mangolds, Tobacco.

Two Crops the Same Season

May be grown with the Stockbridge Manures. Oats or grass can early may be followed with Hungarian, and fodder corn in the fall. The same course with turnips and many other crops.

☞ Send for Pamphlet.

W. H. BOWKER & CO., Sole Agents,
jy9-1f **43 Chatham St., Boston.**

The Best and Cheapest.
BUCHAN'S
Cresylic
SHEEP DIP.

Patented May 28th, 1867; Re-issued July 30th, 1872.

A Saponaceous Compound with Cresylic and Carbolic Acid.

For Preventing and Curing the Scab, and all parasitic diseases of the Skin. Will destroy Lice, Ticks, Fleas &c. It is beneficial to the general health and condition of the flock. The use of this **DIP** will cleanse and whiten the Fleece—also increase the growth or weight sufficient to be a full equivalent for the cost of the Compound.

The Preparation is Warranted to be **entirely harmless, and free from all poisonous compounds** and will positively do all that we claim for it. Put up in packages of 1, 5, 10, 50, 100 and 200 pounds.

Buchan's Cresylic Ointment.

Certain Death to the Screw Worm or Grub.

It not only destroys the worm, but cleanses and quickly heals up the offensive sores made by it.

No fly will attack a wound to which this preparation has been applied. Sheep which rapidly recover from the attacks of the worm under the ordinary treatment are quickly cured by this application. In soaping, this ointment will be found invaluable for healing Saddle galls, and all abrasions of the skin of animals.

For further particulars, and for Price-Lists and Circulars to

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UNEQUALLED OFFER.

Full Nickel Silver Plated 7 Shot Revolvers as Premiums.

A MONTH'S AMMUNITION FREE

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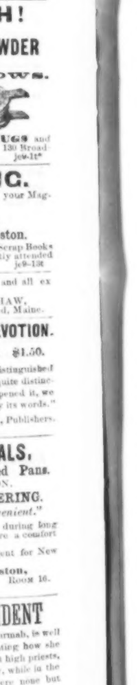

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Our NEW Model LONG RANGE Revolver, "TIP-TOP" SEVEN SHOT REVOLVER, Including 100 CARTRIDGES! **$3** Nickel Silver Plated and Pearl Handle, Target Sights, Rifled Barrel, Self-Cocking, Hammer Shield, Extra Long Range, Perfect Safety Cylinder, Rubber Stock, Walnut Handle, Revolver in HAND. Address WESTERN GUN WORKS, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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erstanding and apparently hope- S FROM THE EAR, permanently healed. FFENSIVE BREATH. hma, Bronchitis, etc., *radically* of the EYE. edical or surgical aid, success- LIGHTHILL, rear of Tremont House. ja6

DEATH!
NGER IN USING
URKISH POWDER
—AND—
ed Bellows.
ff POTATO BUGS and send for Circular to 130 Broad jes-1t*

THE WOODWARD & BROWN PIANO
TOOK THE FIRST PRIZE

Over Sixteen Competitors at the only Exhibition ever held where the *Same Boards were Honored with a Second Op.* For sale at Reasonable Prices, at the Warerooms,

690 WASHINGTON STREET.
—ALSO—
PIANOS & M. LELAND,
at Low Prices, from $8 to $15 per quarter. jan6-52t

Leland's Piano Rooms.

Always on hand the most complete stock of **PIANOFORTES** of various makers, at prices from $350 to $225. Persons of moderate means should call.

A. M. LELAND,
jan20-52t **630 Washington St.,** opp. Boylston

CALL AND EXAMINE THE

Jewett Piano,

The best instrument made for the money. Warerooms, No. 96 Union Street, Boston. myt-62t

New Advertisements.

COLTS BY WINTHROP MORRILL.
AT AUCTION.

Will be sold at Auction, SATURDAY, June 16th, 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Farm of T. B. WILLIAMS, Centre, near Weld Street, West Roxbury, one mile from Jamaica Plain and six miles from Boston.

Dams by Fearnaught, Middletown, Strader's Hambletonian, Magic's Hambletonian, Melbourne, Jr., Bairowne, Toronto Chief, etc.

Also, Colts by Thomas Jefferson, Glenair, and Col. Coleman, and 12 Brood Mares and Foals by Winthrop Morrill.

Catalogues may be had at 187 State St., Boston. jy9-2t

25 FANCY CARDS, all styles, with name, 10c.; 25 Morning Glory Cards, with name, 20c.; 20 Fancy Scroll Cards, all styles, no name, 10c., post-paid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y. jy9-1t

THE NEW CURE.
15 Chapman St., Boston.
JOHN HAMLIN DEWEY, M. D.

A new and *infallible* method, for removing every species of Humor and Blood Poison, by absorption; strikes at the roots of disease by removing the cause, and makes the reconstruction of health and vital power, a scientific certainty. Periodic Headaches, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Tumors, Consumptive, Rheumatic, and Paralytic Affections, and all Blood and Nervous Diseases *radically cured*. No failure yet reported. Satisfactory benefit guaranteed in every case treated. Consultation Free. Send two three cent stamps for New Cure Treatise just out. Address as above.

DR. DEWEY:—With feelings of great gratitude for the benefits I have received from your skillful treatment during my recent severe sickness, I cheerfully make this acknowledgment. Having had a very severe attack of pneumonia, with a raging fever, I rapidly declined, until my attending physician said it was beyond his power to help me, and that I would probably live only a few hours longer. My friends then decided to call you, and from your first prescription I immediately began to improve, until I am now about fully recovered. It seems to myself and friends more like a miracle, than the result of human skill, and I shall be pleased to narrate the particulars of my cure to any one who is personally interested.

MRS. E. M. KETTELL.

I cordially endorse the above statement of my wife, and shall be pleased at any time to state what I know of Dr. Dewey's peculiar practice, called the "New Cure." F. S. KETTELL, at the Office of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

Boston, May 8th, 1877. jy9-26t

The "Archer"

EXCELS ALL OTHER HORSE RAKES

in the ease with which it is operated. Any child who can manage a horse can rake the heaviest meadow with it. Both hands are free to drive. It is a perfect self-discharging Rake, and the dumping arrangement is always under complete control. It is also very easy for the horse. It is thoroughly constructed throughout, and every Rake is warranted to do good work.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

Call and see it, or send for circular.

EVERETT & SMALL,
43 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.
my26-4t General Agents for New England.

The "Clipper"

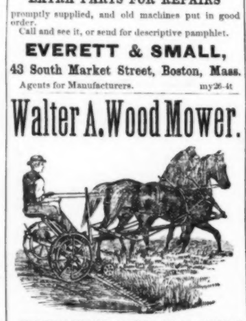
Is well known as the best constructed Mower

in market. It will outlast any other and give the best return for your money. No other surpasses it in lightness of draft or excellence of work.

IT IS THE ONLY MACHINE

having steel finger-bar and steel guards. It also has the finger bar so adjusted that the points and the guards and knives can be raised or lowered instantly, while in motion, to vary the angle of the cut and adapt it to lodged grass, or rough, boggy ground.

Walter A. Wood Mower.



23,836 Built and Sold in 1876.

Every Machine Warranted to work perfectly. Examine the genuine 'Wood' before purchasing.

Champion Horse Rake!
With Patent Independent Steel Teeth.

We have more than one hundred signatures to the following:—

We, the undersigned, have used the **Champion Horse Rake** of 1875, and pronounce it the **best Rake we ever saw**, and would not do one string it but thinks the same. It works very easily, and requires but little power to unload it. **The sled runner teeth run smoothly, and do not scratch up the dirt or shake out the hay by the tremor of the teeth, as other Rakes.** We believe it will take the lead of all other Rakes.

James Le Baron, of Hopkinton, says, there is one thing more I will add—it will rake hay that is not made cleaner than most rakes will thoroughly made.

HAYING TOOLS
of every description, at wholesale and retail, at the very lowest prices.

WHITTEMORE BROS.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
128 and 130 South Market St., Boston.
jy2-3t

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

HIGHEST AWARDS AT
FOUR GREAT WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS:
Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

Only organs assigned first rank at Centennial. *Recognition as unequaled by musicians generally. Great variety of styles at prices which would be impossible for work of such excellence without unequaled facilities for manufacture.*

EXAMPLES OF CASH PRICES:
Five octave double reed $100 organ, with tremulant, Five octave organ, nine $114 stops, with voix celeste, *Sold also for monthly or quarterly payments, or rented until rent pays. Catalogues free.*

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.
154 Tremont St., BOSTON. 25 Union Sq., NEW YORK. 80 Adams St., CHICAGO.
mh10-52t

CHICKERING & SONS,
PIANO FORTES.
136 Tremont Street | 130 Fifth Avenue,
my12-6t BOSTON. | NEW YORK.

QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE-INSURANCE COMPANY,

Cash Fund, May 1, 1876, over **$335,000.** Surplus over re-insurance. **$135,000.** All losses paid in full. Dividends were resumed Nov. 16, 1875. None but the safer classes of property written.

ISRAEL W. MONROE, *President.*
CHAS. A. HOWLAND, *Secretary.*

BOSTON OFFICE,
NO. 27 STATE STREET.
Local Agencies in every town. jan1-1y

NEW MODEL BUCKEYE.

In addition to the territory previously occupied by us for the manufacture and sale of the Buckeye, we have completed arrangements to supply the territory formerly leased by the Buckeye Mowing Machine Company of West Fitchburg, Mass., and we are now prepared to furnish the farmers of *New England* with our widely celebrated

NEW MODEL BUCKEYE MOWER.

We have a large stock of Machines for the haying season of 1877, which we can assure our customers are built in a *most thorough manner.*

Every Machine is put together and run before leaving the factory.

All Machines Warranted

For Beauty of Model, Simplicity, Strength, Durability and Ease of Management,

the New Model Buckeye is unapproached by any Machine of its class.

BULLARD'S PATENT HAY TEDDER

is the only practical Tedder in use and is a Machine no energetic farmer should be without. It is easily operated, durable and does its work effectively, avoids the loss of crops by storms, and adds materially to the value of the crop cured by its use.

Richardson Manuf'g Co.,
MANUFACTURERS,
Worcester, Mass.
jc2-7t

Stallions.

BLACK FEARNAUGHT.

This promising young Stallion will make the season of 1877 for a limited number of mares, at

WINSHIP STOCK FARM,
WOBURN, MASS.

For terms and pedigree, apply on the premises. Also, BOARD FOR HORSES all seasons of the year. my12-8t

"YOUNG MORRILL."

This celebrated fast trotting Stallion and Stock Horse will make the season of 1877 at Mr. Frank Kimball's,

Brighton, Mass.

TERMS, $50.

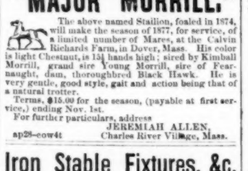
$25 at time of service, $25 when the mare proves in foal.

☞ GOOD PASTURING AND STABLING near the premises.

☞ Mares at owners' risk.

SAMUEL R. PERKINS.
ap28-tf

"MAJOR MORRILL."



The above named Stallion, foaled in 1874, will make the season of 1877, for service, of a limited number of Mares, at the Calvin Richards Farm, in Dover, Mass. His color is light Chestnut, is 15¼ hands high; sired by Kimball Morrill; grand sire Young Morrill, sire of Fearnaught, dam, thoroughbred Black Hawk. He is very gentle, good style, gait and action being that of a natural trotter.

Terms, $15.00 for the season, (payable at first service,) ending Nov. 1st.

For further particulars, address

JEREMIAH ALLEN,
Charles River Village, Mass.
ap28-cow4t

Iron Stable Fixtures, &c.

RACKS, MANGERS, STALL POSTS, RAMPS, GUTTERS and VENTILATORS.

Also, a new **Combined Horizontal Hay Rack and Manger,** said to be unrivalled.

Hitching-Posts, Lamp-Posts, Cauldron Kettles, etc.

FULTON IRON FOUNDRY CO.,
my12-13t **228 Franklin St., Boston.**

Seeds, &c.

Hudson River Fruit Gardens.

MANY novelties for this spring. *TIWACK* and *DELAWARE* Raspberries; *CAPT. JACK* and 30 other Strawberries; *BRIGHTON* Grapes; Blackberries; Gooseberries; Fruit Trees, etc., etc. **BERRY BASKETS** and **CRATES.** The largest assortment in the country. Price lists free.

B. M. BLAINES, Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
mch10-52t

NEW HARDY GRAPE.

MOORE'S EARLY, a new hardy grape combining the following desirable qualities, viz: Hardiness, size, beauty, quality, productiveness, and earliness, ripening at least ten days earlier than the Hartford Prolific and twenty days earlier than the Concord. Send for a Circular containing a description to

JOHN B. MOORE,
nov11-tf **Concord, Mass.**

Poultry, Eggs, &c

PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS,

$2.00 PER SITTING, CHICKS FOR SALE.

E. B. HAYWARD,
mh31-13t **Easton, Mass.**

Choice Fowls and Eggs.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS, DARK BRAHMA, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 27 other varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by E. B. PERKINS, 238 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

Enclose and send stamp for Circular. aug8-tf

Eggs for Hatching.

FROM the Poultry Yards of GEO. S. WHEELER, New Ipswich, N. H., at the following prices, for a setting of 13: Bronze Turkeys $3 00; Pekin Ducks $2 50; Plymouth Rocks, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, B. B. G. Game Bantams, and Black Leghorns $2 00; White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, and L. Brahmas $1 50.

Have shown Bronze Turkeys, Pekin Ducks, P. Rocks, S. S. Hamburgs, and Black Leghorns, at several of the leading exhibitions this season, and have taken 1st Premium on each. White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, and L. Brahmas have not been exhibited, but the stock is first-class. All Eggs sent out warranted new laid and to reach the purchaser in good condition. Address all orders to

GEO. S. WHEELER,
mch3-21t New Ipswich, N. H.

Eggs for Hatching.

BROWN LEGHORNS.

PURE White Ears and Yellow Legs, finely marked. *LIGHT BRAHMA* Game birds, 1 dozen, $1,50; 2 dozen, $2,50; 3 dozen, $3,00, ordered at one time.

A. F. HARVEY,
mh24-cow1f Box 278, Gloucester, Mass.

WE would especially call your attention to our large stock of **FLOUR and BREADSTUFFS** which we will

SELL AT RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

We have always on hand the following articles:—

FLOUR

of all grades, in barrels, half barrels and bags.

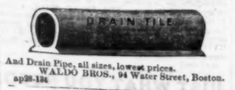
WHITE CORN FLOUR, RYE FLOUR, GRAHAM FLOUR, YELLOW CORN MEAL, RYE MEAL, OAT MEAL, BUCKWHEAT, ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL, *CRUSHED WHEAT, CRACKED WHEAT, HOMINY, SAMP, NUTRITION FLOUR, WHEAT MEAL, WHEAT GROATS, FARINA, &c.*

in 10 pound bags.

HEN FEED.

WHEAT SCREENINGS, WHOLE BUCKWHEAT, WHOLE OATS, WHOLE CORN, WHOLE BARLEY, CRACKED CORN, &c.

C. G. BROCKWAY & CO.,
Wholesale Flour Dealers.
220 to 226 FRIEND ST., BOSTON.
mh10-26t



Drain Pipe, all sizes, lowest prices.
WALDO BROS., 94 Water Street, Boston.
ap26-13t

St. Theabald's Chapel.

THIS famous Chromo will be sent together with the **ILLUSTRATED HOME GUEST,** on trial for three months, for only 50 cents. We make this great offer to introduce our splendid art publications into every neighborhood, together with the best family paper published. Agents wanted everywhere. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington street, Boston, Mass. oct31-52t

BLODGETT OVER-GAITER CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Gents' Fine Over-Gaiters, Ladies' Anklets and Leggings, Military and Hunters' Gaiters, from Cloth, Buckskin, Linen, Leather, &c.

605 WASHINGTON STREET,
feb3-52t **W. H. GOULD, Treasurer.**

WANTED, AN AGENT in every town and schoolroom for my VISITING CARDS. Inducements never thought of before. 25 beatly printed White Cards, with Circular, sample book and 25 names an hour easily. Agencies fast being taken. Quick, or you are too late! Largest variety on earth at my office.

W. C. CANNON,
nov15-52t **713 Washington St., Boston.**

GRAVES' VIENNA SPARKLING MINERAL SPRING WATER.

JACOB GRAVES,
General Agent for the United States.

☞ To whom all communications intended for the General Agency and Spring should be addressed.

26 North Market Street, BOSTON.

ANALYZED BY PROFESSOR S. DANA HAYES,
Prior to the Spring being fitted for use.

BOSTON, November 2, 1875.

HENRY GRAVES, Esq., Vienna, Maine, Dear Sir:—I have made a careful analysis of the Spring Water received from you with the following results: By referring to the weights given below, it will be seen that this Water is one of remarkable purity, and that it does not contain any appreciable quantity of organic or nitrogenous impurity. The comparatively large proportion of alkaline mineral present, together with its purity, give this Water character unlike any of the softer mineral waters. It is highly aerated, and an agreeable and refreshing beverage.

ANALYSIS.

It is colorless, odorless, and almost tasteless. One United States gallon (231 cubic inches) of this Water contains two and sixty-eight one hundredths grains of mineral matter, dried at 212 deg. Fah., consisting of

Sulphate of Potash	traces.
Chloride of Sodium	traces.
Carbonate of Soda	0.311 grains.
Carbonate of Lime	0.642 "
Carbonate of Magnesia	0.208 "
Iron and Alumina	traces.
Silicate of Soda	1.319 grains.
Organic Matter	none.
Total	2.480 grains.

The gases present are Carbonic acid, Nitrogen, and Oxygen in considerable proportion. It is thus a pure alkaline Water, containing Silicic Acid in permanent solution.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer and Chemist, Massachusetts.

This water is a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Kidneys, Stone in the Kidneys, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Salt Rheum and Scrofula Humors, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. It has no equal for these diseases.

Prices of Water at the General Agency: Barrels, 6.00, Half Barrels, 4.00, Gallons, 25.

The General Agent will allow for empty barrels returned in good order, $2.00; for half barrels, $1.50, expense pre-paid.

ANALYZED BY PROFESSOR S. DANA HAYES,
After the Spring was fitted for use.

ANALYSIS.

No. 4, State Street, BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1877.

MESSRS. GRAVES & NICKERSON,

Gentlemen:—I have made a careful chemical analysis of the sample marked GRAVES' VIENNA SPARKLING SPRING WATER, received from you, with the following results:

One United States gallon (231 cubic inches) contains,

Sulphate of Potash	0.061 grains.
Chloride of Sodium	0.011 "
Carbonate of Lime	0.622 "
Carbonate of Magnesia	0.194 "
Carbonate of Iron	0.712 "
Protoxide of Iron and Alumina	merest traces.
Silicic Acid, in solution	0.881 grains.
Total	2.480 grains.

It is clear and transparent, colorless, odorless, and tasteless, and highly aerated with carbonic acid, nitrogen and oxygen gases. It does not contain any appreciable quantity of nitrogenous or organic matter. It is alkaline and an agreeable and refreshing beverage.

This is an uncommonly pure water.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer and Chemist, Mass.

Laboratory of the School of Mines, Columbia Col lege, corner 49th Street, and 4th Ave.

Analyzed after the Spring was fitted for use.
New York, May 22, 1876.

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

SIR. The sample of Water submitted to me for examination contains, in one United States gallon of (231 cubic inches),

Chloride of Sodium	0.0188 grains.
Sulphate of Potassa	0.2512 "
Carbonate of Lime	1.8743 "
Carbonate of Magnesia	0.3183 "
Oxide of Iron and Alumina	0.0550 "
Carbonate of Soda	trace.
Silica	0.4611 grains.
Organic Matter	trace.
Total	3.3096 grains.

The Water is colorless, tasteless and alkaline.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. F. CHANDLER, PH. D.,
Professor of Analytical and Applied Chemistry.
To GRAVES & NICKERSON, Boston, Mass.

SITUATION.

This Spring is situated in the town of Vienna, Maine, on the Maine Central Railroad, (upper route). Parties visiting this Spring will stop at the Readfield Station, three miles from Vienna, where the Spring is near the residence of the late HON. NATHANIEL GRAVES, for whom it was named.

One respect in which this Spring differs from any other now known in this country of like character, is in the amount of gas present and the manner of its discharge; which will pays one for the trouble taken in visiting this noted spring. This Spring evolves carbonic acid gas in large and small bubbles, which can be seen at a depth of several feet, chasing each other to the surface. They do not unite, but continue rising in such quantities as to cover the space of several square feet, there to break and sparkle in the sunlight, adding a charming beauty to this wonderful spring, so that those who visit it wonder what the cause is of this constant flow of gas from the mountain. my8

Brittany Stock For Sale.

COWS, HEIFERS AND CALVES.

Prices from $25 to $125; from C. L. Flint's importation. Inquire at

JOSEPH L. PRATT'S,
jc2-5t* Reading, Mass.

PROVIDENCE LINE.

New Route to New York, VIA PROVIDENCE.

ONLY 42 MILES OF RAIL!

Steamboat Express Train will leave Boston & Providence Railroad Station daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 P. M. Connect at **Fall River Wharf,** Providence, with the **Entirely New and Magnificent**

STEAMER MASSACHUSETTS,
and the well-known and popular
STEAMER RHODE ISLAND,

arriving in New York at 6 A. M. This is the only line affording a delightful sail **through Narragansett Bay** by daylight.

No intermediate landings between Providence and New York.

Tickets and State Rooms can be secured at the Company's office, 314 Washington, corner State street, and at Boston & Providence Railroad Depot, Boston.

A. A. FOLSOM, Sup't B. & P. R. R.
my26-13t J. W. RICHARDSON, Agent, Boston.

FALL RIVER LINE FOR NEW YORK,

These world renowned steamships,

BRISTOL AND PROVIDENCE,

will resume their trips on this route on

MONDAY, APRIL 30th, 1877,

Trains leaving Boston from Old Colony & Fall River Railroad depot at 6.30 and 8 P. M., daily (Sunday, July 1st, to Sept. 3d, inclusive, at 7 P. M.,) will connect with steamers at Fall River.

During the past winter the Bristol and Providence have been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in an elegant and substantial manner, and many new features have been added. The railway connections with these palatial steamers will be of the most elegant and luxurious character. Staterooms, not yet have been laid out here to reach the purchaser in good condition. Address all orders to

GEO. S. WHEELER,
New Ipswich, N. H.

Eggs for Hatching.

BROWN LEGHORNS.

PURE White Ears and Yellow Legs, finely marked. *LIGHT BRAHMA* Game birds, 1 dozen, $1,50; 2 dozen, $2,50; 3 dozen, $3,00, ordered at one time.

A. F. HARVEY,
mh24-cow1f Box 278, Gloucester, Mass.

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SELL AT RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

We have always on hand the following articles:—

FLOUR

of all grades, in barrels, half barrels and bags.

WHITE CORN FLOUR, RYE FLOUR, GRAHAM FLOUR, YELLOW CORN MEAL, RYE MEAL, OAT MEAL, BUCKWHEAT, ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL, *CRUSHED WHEAT, CRACKED WHEAT, HOMINY, SAMP, NUTRITION FLOUR, WHEAT MEAL, WHEAT GROATS, FARINA, &c.*

in 10 pound bags.

HEN FEED.

WHEAT SCREENINGS, WHOLE BUCKWHEAT, WHOLE OATS, WHOLE CORN, WHOLE BARLEY, CRACKED CORN, &c.

C. G. BROCKWAY & CO.,
Wholesale Flour Dealers.
220 to 226 FRIEND ST., BOSTON.
mh10-26t

Drain Pipe, all sizes, lowest prices.
WALDO BROS., 94 Water Street, Boston.
ap26-13t

St. Theabald's Chapel.

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BLODGETT OVER-GAITER CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Gents' Fine Over-Gaiters, Ladies' Anklets and Leggings, Military and Hunters' Gaiters, from Cloth, Buckskin, Linen, Leather, &c.

605 WASHINGTON STREET,
feb3-52t **W. H. GOULD, Treasurer.**

WANTED, AN AGENT in every town and schoolroom for my VISITING CARDS. Inducements never thought of before. 25 beatly printed White Cards, with Circular, sample book and 25 names an hour easily. Agencies fast being taken. Quick, or you are too late! Largest variety on earth at my office.

W. C. CANNON,
nov15-52t **713 Washington St., Boston.**

THE WARRIOR MOWER

EXCELS ALL OTHERS IN
Lightness of Draft, Simplicity, Strength, and Durability.

PRICES VERY MUCH REDUCED FOR 1877.

Call and examine. Circular free.

THE HOLLINGSWORTH SULKY RAKE

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Also other WHEEL RAKES at VERY LOW PRICES. For sale by

E. E. LUMMUS & CO.,
32 South Market St., Boston.
jc2-3t

Farms for Sale.

FOR SALE.

Valuable Milk Farm near Lowell.

A Milk Farm containing forty-four acres, two miles from Lowell. Nine hundred dollars' worth of Milk were sold from the Farm during the past year. One hundred cords of wood can be cut from the wood lot. A Milk Route is attached to the Farm, sending milk to Lowell, and the business can be continued and increased to any extent desired. Lowell is a growing city of 52,000 inhabitants. The Farm is one of the best in this section of the State, and for an enterprising man, a rare opportunity is offered. The buildings are in good repair, and consist of a two story Dwelling House, Barn and the necessary outbuildings, piggery, hennery, &c., &c. This is one of the most pleasantly situated Farms in Middlesex County, is near "Willow Dale," a favorite summer resort for the best class of Lowell people. There is a large Woollen Mill in full operation within a half mile of the Farm. The Farm and Milk Route will be sold independent of the stock, if the buyer wishes. Price $4,000 for Farm and Milk Route. Will sell on easy terms. Apply to C. L. FLANDERS, P. O. Box 89, Lowell, Mass., or at 83 Green St., Boston, Mass. ap14-tf

Farms! Farms!

I have the largest and best variety of Farms for sale now offered in this market. Can give you a home in any part of New England at a bargain. For full and reliable description of property given by sending stamp for GRAY'S REAL ESTATE JOURNAL. All letters promptly answered.

JAMES GRAY,
nov18-tf **25 Tremont Row, Boston.**

Stock, &c

Yorkshire Pigs for Sale.

Bred from Carefully Selected Stock.

THESE Pigs are justly celebrated for fattening readily at any age, being fit for pork at any size, from 100 to 500 pounds, small amount of offal, large hams and small heads, and gain more flesh from the food consumed than any other class of swine.

By judicious breeding for several years from imported stock, I have secured a class of swine second to none in New England. If this is doubted, *come* and be convinced.

Prices—Boars, $10, and Sows, $8 each, carefully boxed and delivered in Boston, to any Express, with sufficient food for journey. Ready for delivery from May 8 to July 1st, 1877. Cashier's check or Post Office order on Waltham, Mass., to accompany order.

R. T. LOMBARD,
ap28-tf Sycamore Farm, Wayland, Mass.

Paris Green FOR Potato Bugs.

Trust Nothing Else!

PURE PARIS GREEN ... 45c per lb.
COMMON PARIS GREEN..25c per lb.

Put up in different size packages with full directions how to handle and apply safely, printed on each package. One pound of PURE PARIS GREEN sufficient for an acre for one application. Sent by express without notice to any part of the country on receipt of price per pound. ALSO FOR SALE,

Hellebore for Currant Worms, &c., 50c. per lb
Carbolate Lime (Disinfectant). 6c. "
Sulphate Iron " 3c. "

W. H. BOWKER & CO.,
43 Chatham St., Boston.
Sole Agents for Stockbridge Manures.
my26-1f

Genuine Pest Poison,

a Safe, Cheap and Sure death to the *POTATO BUGS, CABBAGE and CURRANT WORMS,* and all *PESTS* that *PREY* on *VEGETATION.* Dissolve one quarter pound sample package by mail 30 cts., enough for an acre. Discount to Dealers.

JOHN REED, 12 C

The Poet's Corner.

[From the Baltimore Weekly Sun.]

NOT YET.

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

The sun's rays slant the path along,
The air is balmy as in June;
The robin sings his vesper song,
And through the sky the new gray moon
Moves gently on, untrammelled, free,
But something whispers unto me—
"Not yet!"

The brook hums ditties as it flows,
The frog croaks 'neath the water's rim;
In its embrace the lily grows,
And there the trout and minnow swim
I see and hear the rustic mill,
But ah! these sad words haunt me still—
"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,
In drowsy mood the cows await
The farm boy's call upon the air;
While, with his pail, beside the gate
That opens down the grassy lane
My brother breathes this sad refrain—
"Not yet!"

The steepled church, the schoolhouse near;
The wood where I have roamed at will;
The quaint old farmhouse, to me dear,
My youthful home—my manhood's still.
All these I see with Fancy's eye,
But something whispers as I sigh
"Not yet!"

O, hearts, in which there is no May!
Who yearn to hear my footfalls where
The beaten path stretches away
'Neath aged oaks, so grand and fair!
Dear hearts, who long for me to come—
I can but say, I can go home
"Not yet!"

For longer still your breasts must know
A sadness free from all disguise,
Ere I shall leave these scenes and go
And gaze into fond, loving eyes,
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss—
"Not yet!"

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong
As when, one dreamful autumn day,
I said "Good-bye," and paused along
Down the old walk and went away,
Not thinking there would come a day
When I should have as now, to say,—
"Not yet!"

Alas, not yet! Far, far from this
Still must I wait! All I can do
Is just to waft a long, long kiss,
Bedewed in love, O hearts, to you,
And murmur these sad words once more,
Unthought of in the days of yore—
"Not yet!"

Ladies' Department.

ANGELA'S PRAYER.

BY LYNN WOOD.

It was night in the streets of a fair Italian city, and the lonely queen of lights is passing gently as a pure and sorrowful lady over the sleeping heedless children of the South, casting a veil of obscurity over all that is unlovely, and arraying in snowy vestiture the tall shafts and broad walls of marble that rise here and there, quivering and spectral, from a bed of darkness.

The great bell of the cathedral sounds forth one solemn quavering note into the still blue night. The sick and watchful mark the iron tones, and pine at the leaden feet of Time. Sweet sleep, the boon so freely bestowed on the thousands around, is not for them. Lagging lovers, homeward returning, chide the clanging voice which records the swift passing of those precious scanty hours, fleeting as minutes, to their charmed hearts.

At the base of a broad flight of white steps a young man stands, holding in a parting embrace a beautiful girl, whose dark upturned eyes receive in languid acquiescence the passionate gaze of her supporter. Again and again he presses her to his bosom, ere with a sudden effort she springs from his arms, and tripping lightly up the steps, is lost from his transfixed gaze in the darkness of the portico. The closing of a heavy door disturbs for a moment the sleeping echoes, and the young man turns upon his heels, and paces slowly down the narrow street, casting many a backward glance at the massive insensible walls which so effectually guard his priceless jewel. This street leads to the wide piazza, on one side of which rose the noble pillared fascade of the beautiful theatre. One hour since the piazza swarmed with the gay and noisy throngs which poured into it, like tumbling waters, from the enormous building. Snatches of melody and fleeting guests of choruses rise now and again into the clear night air, intermingled with bursts of merry and mischievous laughter, and the continuous buzz of many wagging tongues. Now solemn silence reigns, and the great theatre sleeps wrapped about in a broad cloak of shadow. Now methinks might the fairy world have disported itself in mazy dances, fearless of human interlopers, about the glorious statue of Apollo, which graced the centre of the piazza, bathed in the fullest splendor of the moonlight. Answering beams appeared to stream from the kindly countenance of the god, lending to it a semblance of life that was at once beautiful and fearful. In such guise did it present itself to the pale slender girl who crouched, scarcely perceptible in the deep shade, at the door, upon which Beauty had passed by with a look of expression of utter dejection most mournful to behold. The grinding hand of poverty had no part in this, as her rich, though quiet, attire testified. She rises, and fixing her gaze upon the statue, says, in low moaning tones,

"Knowest, thou not that I am Angela, poor silly Angeli, thou beauteous one, that thou hast entered with most devious ways upon me. Other men look and smile and jest with me, poor silly Angela, as with one who is without the pale of womanhood. And why? Because I am not handsome as my sister Sylvia. Because I cannot charm them with sweet songs as she does. Because I cannot smile and jest and laugh as she does. Yet am I not a woman. O thou unconscious one? Could I not love, as other maidens love? Ay, *thou* knowest! From henceforth I am thine! Thou art not light and scornful with me, like to other men, or to my sister Sylvia. Thou will love the poor outcast Angela whom they despise."

As the sad girl spoke these words she flung her arms about the feet of the god, and knelt there in prostration.

"Long have I prayed the blessed Virgin for the power to sing, even as my sister Sylvia sings; but she hears me not. Thou canst bestow that gift! Thou shalt, or I will never rise again!"

Now did the dark Italian eyes lose their languor and blaze with the intensity of the passion which wrung her slender frame and caused her to tremble from head to foot. Was it not sufficient to animate even the cold marble? What is it she sees and hears that causes her to rise with a wild articulation, and clasp her hands upon her bosom with a fervid violence that bruises the tender flesh?

The strains of a love-ditty, sung in a high tenor voice by some one at no great distance, warned Angela to forsake her shrine and flee. Scarcely, however, had she departed six paces from the statue when, in her heedless haste, she fell into the arms of the man whom she would escape.

"Well, my pretty night-bird, hast thou found a nest?"

"O Antonio, is it thou?"

"Angela! What, Angela!" exclaimed in his turn the gay Antonio, as he withdrew his arms from about the trembling girl. "Is it well done," he continued, in reproving tones, "for a young girl to wander at large these dangerous hours of night?"

"Nay dear Antonio, fear not for me. Who will molest the poor Angela?" and she laughed a low secret laugh. "Give thee good-night, dear Antonio." Like a shadow the girl flitted noiselessly across the piazza, and was lost in the darkness of a narrow street.

II.

Signor Antonio conceived extremely well of himself as he lounged luxuriously in the *impresario's* chair. Had not the great signor departed for England, that foggy home of wealth, and did not Antonio reign in his stead? Therefore in every sip of his matutinal chocolate he sucked satisfaction, and in every whiff of his cigarette blew blessings on that careless, light-hearted Italian world, with whom he so sympathized, who acquiesced so heartily in him, their illustrious first tenor.

Leisurely and daintily he looked through his correspondence, making here and there a careless note for the guidance of his writer. At length, over a blank sheet, the delicate white hand lingered, and with many a hasty erasure, and many a contemplative perusal of the painted ceiling, he traced the following lines:

"O Sylvia, by thy soft dark eyes
Antonio lives, Antonio dies;
Hold ever captive by one tress
Of thy silken loveliness."

In vain he gnawed the luckless quill; the Muses were refractory. His roving glance now fell upon a white scarf that lay neglected at his feet. He raised it with tender enthusiasm to his lips, exclaiming, "How camst thou to fall so low, my precious relic? Would not my gracious little saint recall her favor if she knew how it lay neglected on the floor?" Again and again he bathed his face in its soft whiteness, and thus relieved the feelings he was unable to pour out in verse. Antonio's passionate phase gradually calmed, and he at last found himself gazing with an intensely absorbed air at the bottom of the bit of porcelain from which he had drained the last drop of chocolate, his mind being engaged in endeavoring to elucidate the, to him, very unpleasant phenomenon of Silvia having such a sister as Angela. "If we but knew how to dispose of the poor thing, I might this night hold her matchless sister in my arms. What greater delight does this bright world contain?" A dewy light was in his eyes, and he rolled in that paradise indeed, albeit ycleept the fool's. A tap on the door from without, and the quick paternal wish caused the color to mount and the eyes to brighten, and the ready voice to utter blithely,

"Enter, and right welcome, my Syl—"

"It is but poor Angela, Signor Antonio. Forgive me if I intrude. Sister Silvia hath sent me with a message."

"Still art thou welcome, Silvia's sister. See quickly, what commands hath she to her slave?"

"She craves the deputy *impresario's* forgiveness that she is unable to come herself this morning, as she promised yesternight."

"What hindereth, my Angela?"

"Sister Silvia is indisposed, and fears she will be unable to sing to night!"

"Indisposed! Not sing to-night! Maria Madre!" Antonio's countenance expressed the wildest consternation. Here was a pretty beginning. Truly an *impresario* lies not on a bed of roses.

He exclaimed not to Angela in particular, but taking every object in the room to witness.

"Is not this distraction? How shall I find a substitute for my peerless *prima donna* in less than eight hours withal. The town will be in an uproar."

"Be not troubled, good Antonio," said Angela, in quiet, assuring tones, even as one who speaks the words of truth and soberness. "I will sing for sister Silvia this night."

Antonio answered with a gentle smile.

"Ay, my poor Angela, thou wilt sing as thy sister Silvia sings, and this night also, if this night the all-wise God seeth fit to make good thy baptismal name."

Angela also smiled, and as gently.

"That may be; and blessed be God and the mother of God if it be. Yet will I sing before thee—even as my sister Silvia sings—this night."

Antonio gazed in amazement at the insignificant little woman's form as, with a slight inclination of the head, she glided from his presence. Poor fellow! He was not accustomed to the vicissitudes and cares of office. The previous night he had left his Silvia apparently in perfect health, the fairest thing beneath the moon; and lo, in the morning comes this little dark bird of ill omen, with its bit of bad news and crazy consolation. One thing must be done, and that at once—namely, to see or hear from Silvia herself what the probabilities were of her appearance this night. Accordingly he dashed off, and was met in the portico of her dwelling by her attendant, who handed him a scented capricious note, stating, with many protestations of regret his mistress's utter inability to appear. This was conclusive. The next thing to be done was to pour his grief lavishly, and with much passionate gesticulation, into the ears of his many sympathizers, and to telegraph to his brother *impresario* at Rome to rescue him, for the love of Heaven, from his difficulty, and send him the first *prima donna* he could lay his hand upon. To his exuberant delight, news arrived that the great Signora L— had consented to appear.

III.

The sun which has burnt at white heat all the livelong summer's day, now nears the horizon, and his burning finger is laid with a lingering touch on the lofty cathedral spires above, as if loth to leave playing in amongst their matchless tracery; whilst the gay laughing lower world turns out in the refreshing coolness, enjoying the hour of living as only Italians can. The broad piazza before the theatre swarms with merry expectant throngs, all bound in the same direction.

It was not in the time of Paul the Apostle that people began to spend their time in nothing but telling and hearing some new thing; as his preaching did not end it. Curiosity to hear the new *prima donna*, notwithstanding the pride they took in their own unrivalled native songstress, had brought the people together in unusually large numbers. They pass on in apparently endless streams, and are lost in the vast interior of the theatre.

The cathedral clock is within a hair's breath of the hour at which the opera is to commence, when two figures, the very opposites of each other, pass in quick succession over the now almost empty piazza on their way to the theatre. The first, a veiled and demure little woman, pauses for a moment with bowed head by the statue of Appollo, then enters the building. Her follower, a handsome man in evening dress, pauses also at the same spot; and as he lifts his head, upon his countenance is visible an expression in which indignation and despair strive for the mastery. Our *impresario* entertains serious thoughts of putting an end to an existence in which such days as he has this day experienced are possible. Now, at the last moment, a telegram has arrived, conveying the distracting news that the Signora L——had suddenly been visited with severe indisposition, and is consequen ly unable to appear. He enters at the private door and is at once assailed by a dozen excited inquirers: "Is the signora coming?" "What is the matter with her?" "Who will sing in her absence?"

The orchestra, in happy ignorance of the smouldering mine, are now bringing the introduction successfully to a close; and before the maddened Antonio can tear himself away in order to present his apologies to the house for the unavoidable absence of the *prima donna*, and the consequent necessary postponement of the opera, the curtain has risen, and the soft music which introduces the first appearance has commenced. A slight pause ensues, and a thousand pairs of eyes are fixed upon the spot where the heroine of the evening shall appear. To his intense astonishment Antonio finds, on reaching the side scenes, a lady fully attired for the part, with her back to him, and in the act of entering upon the stage. To his still greater bewilderment a voice, musical and clear as to transcend even the voices of his most ecstatic dreams, rises over the hushed crowds. His being was so paralysed by this wonderful apparition that he scarcely wondered when, upon the songstress turning, he discovered the pale little face and great burning eyes of Angela.

Here he remained during the whole performance, hearing and seeing things which were burnt in upon his mind with such a fiery vividness, but in all the years to come those great dark eyes, full of an awed enthusiasm, and those unearthly sweet tones, would lost one tittle of their reality; and no sooner was this chord of memory touched than the world would recede for a time, and his whole being would become entranced, as at this moment.

The rest of the company sang through their parts according to their respective abilities, but it was evident that that great assembly saw and heard but one.

At length came that wonderful passage which is at once the climax and the end of the opera—where the young heroine, torn from the bosom of her murdered husband, and with all hope fled, rises before her vindictive and exulting persecutors, and, in a frenzy of impassioned song, calls upon Heaven to destroy the inhuman murderers. In sharp and wringing tones, each of which was the throe of an agonized heart, she utters the impassioned cry for vengeance, until, at a fresh sight of the prostrate form of her idolized husband, her voice changes, and in a few heartrending tones she tells that her heart is broken, and sinks with a sigh upon his bosom.

The curtain fell; and whilst the storm raged without, Antonio and the others rushed upon the stage, in order to express to the no longer "poor Angela" their wonder and admiration. Why do they all suddenly stop short, and look upon each other with startled and fearful eye? The murdered husband has risen; but the prostrate form of Angela gives no sign of life. Angela has kept her word: she sung before the *impresario* as never woman sang before; but her voice is hushed on earth for ever. Angela is she now in very deed.

THE HYDROPHOBIA CURE.

The following remedy for hydrophobia has been tested by Franklin Dyer of Gelena, Md., in his own family with most satisfactory results. It is also recommended by Mrs. Swisshelm who is confident that is a cure. Mr. Dyer says:—"Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten, take one and a half ounces of the root of the plant—the gresh root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain, and, when cold, drink it, fasting at least six hours afterwards. The next morning repeat the dose, fasting, use two ounces of the root. On the third morning take another dose prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours. I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog 18 years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten; they took the above dose, and are alive to this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten and applied the same remedy. It is supposed that the root contains a principle which being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia."

CONSTANCE'S STORY.

When my husband, Roscoe Arnold, asked me to marry him, I felt it necessary to tell him that I did not love him as he loved me—that I *understood* his devotion, because I had felt it for another—that other, Ivan Grey—that to my husband I had to give only a grateful affection. Would that suffice?

He said that it would. He told me afterward that, through my weeping, he did not catch the name; that he thought I said also that my lover had died.

The subject was not a pleasant one—we did not refer to it afterward.

From the first, Roscoe was a good husband. If I did not appreciate him then, I was not unhappy. I had a bright, beautiful home which Roscoe named Hesperides. The library was extensive, the conservatory luxurious. Books and flowers being my ruling passion, my husband had taken especial pains to gratify me. To-day I never smell heliotrope or tuberoses without the memory of those first lovely years coming back to me.

After our boy was born, and everybody pronounced him a most healthy and beautiful child, Roscoe said to me:

"Constance, are you happy now?"

I looked straight into his honest brown eyes as I truly answered: "Yes, Roe."

He bent and kissed me with a delight I had never seen him show before.

"Dearest, you *are* mine!" he murmured. That was all he said.

It was just two years after our marriage. A few days later he received a letter. I asked whom it was from.

"My sister," he answered.

"I never knew that you had a sister," I said, in surprise.

"No, I never have spoken to you of Ora. When my parents died in my boyhood, Ora was a baby, and was taken by an aunt down to New Orleans, where she was raised with her children. I have only seen her once since. She is very pretty. This letter tells me she is to be married."

He gave me the letter to read. It was written on delicate, fragrant paper, the penmanship easy and graceful, but rather too fine. Rather a brief communication, prettily expressed, asking us to come to the wedding.

"To New Orleans in July! I am afraid to take baby, and I could not leave him."

"I see that we cannot go. It is impracticable. I will write and tell Ora."

"And give her my love. Say that I hope she will be very happy."

I had been present at but one wedding in my life, and that was my own. I was six-and-twenty. It was very different from what I thought it would be when I was eighteen. At eighteen I had been betrothed to Ivan Grey; at twenty-six I married Roscoe Arnold.

The suggestion of another wedding brought back the past to me. When I was alone, and baby asleep in his basket, I went to a drawer in a private cabinet, and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

The latter was a vignette—a face as handsome as a Greek god's, with a perfection of contour that must ever be fascinating. As I looked at it, the peace of my heart fled away. The breath of the past, fragrant, new, Spring-like, swept over me; the warm, imperious impulses of youth started to life in my blood. Ah, that only was happiness! That was bright morning—this was sultry midday.

"As starlight unto starlight, as water unto wine," I murmured.

I sat there on the rich carpet before the rosewood cabinet, the panorama of the past sweeping before me, while the sunshine crept along the pearly wall, slipped across my lap, and illuminated my baby's little rosy face.

It woke him at last. He reached his bits of hands into the golden light, and lay cooing.

I looked at the letters, but did not open them. There was no need. I had learned each one by heart years ago. The packet was small, and I sat with it held between my palms for nearly half an hour. But I put away letters and picture at last, and sat down by the open window, swinging the baby's basket to and fro. The gladiolus flamed crimson on the lawn, and clematis sweetened the green shade, my pansies made a purple shadow along the paths beneath. A white butterfly, fluttering from the rosevine at the window, swam on the golden air into the rich room where I sat, and wavered from object to object. He rested at last on the frame of my husband's portrait. Just then I heard Roscoe whistling lightly as he ran up stairs, in a moment he entered the room, his hands full of pond-lilies.

"See here, Connie—here's a treat for you! Aren't they beauties?"

My favorite flower! I took the splendid things from him and put them in a crystal globe of cool water. Lavish, uncultivated sweetness and beauty. They grew—

"In the cool and quiet nooks,
On the breast of glassy brooks;
In the forest's retreat,
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old tree's feet,
Chose they there a shining bed."

"See here!" said Roscoe.

He had pulled off his straw hat, and the curling hair about his white forehead was literally dripping with perspiration.

"See how wilted I am, hurrying home through the heat to save your valet to bathe his face, laid out for him some fresh clothing, and went away to see if dinner was ready. Thus I took up, again, the present.

Another year went by. I was surrounded by comfort; tenderly cared for. I resolved not to unlock the rosewood cabinet again.

I was reading in the portico, one June morning, while Melisse, the nurse, was leading little Lyle along the garden-walks, when a carriage came whirling up the drive.

I sprang up, fearing something had happened to my husband. But, by the time I reached the open hall-door, a lady, alone, was coming up the steps from the carriage. She was very young, richly robed, and instantly addressed me:

"Are you not my brother Roscoe's wife?" she asked. "I am his sister Ora, from New Orleans."

I don't remember how I welcomed her, but I threw open the drawing-room door, and she entered and dropped into a seat.

"Where is Roscoe? I—I have come to stay with you," she said, her face pale as ashes.

I took a vague alarm at her appearance, but I endeavored to speak as usual.

"You are tired—ill. Lay off your wraps and let me get you a glass of wine."

I went across the hall to the china-closet. When I came back she lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

Roscoe had gone out of town, and did not return until evening. I had had Ora taken to a room next mine and put to bed. She was a mere delicate child when undressed, not more than seventeen years old.

"Oh, how good you are—how good you are!" she said, with heart-rending pathos, as I bathed her temples and rubbed her delicate limbs. I had studied medicine a little with my father, and I knew she was close upon a fever. At length she lay warm and quiet, and soon fell asleep.

I sat up until eleven o'clock, waiting for Roscoe. At length I heard his step in the hall. I hurried to meet him.

He looked astounded at my news. "Why, what does it mean?" he asked.

The next morning Ora was in a burning fever. She talked incoherently—she did not know me. She lay very ill for three weeks.

Poor girl! at one time it seemed certain that she would die, but we kept her.

At last, her first act of consciousness was to kiss me, and murmur:

"I love you!"

At last she could sit up and talk a little. And then she told Roscoe and me her story.

I will not repeat it here. It was a tale too sickening; of human passions inflamed by liquor; of man's tyranny; of woman's weakness. Her husband was false to her and to his manhood. She clung to him, pleading; he knocked her senseless at his feet. And, before that, she had borne—oh, pitiful heroes, so much!

"He has killed my love for him," she said, white and shuddering. "I am afraid of him! I have a horror of him! I had rather die than live with him again! Let me stay here! Here, he will not find me. Oh, Roscoe—Constance, let me stay with you!"

We soothed her—promised earnestly that she should stay, protected, beloved, by us. For the conversation was most hurtful to her, and nearly brought on a relapse of her fever.

And Roscoe wrote to his aunt, Mrs. Brompton, of New Orleans, asking further particulars of Ora's story, and announcing his determination to protect her against her husband. To which Mrs. Brompton replied as follows:

"I am glad Ora is with you. Her marriage has certainly turned out a most dreadful affair. Her husband was wealthy, moved in the best circles here, but I blame myself that I did not inform myself concerning his principles. He is now avowed to have none—rather, he possesses the *worst!* The scandal is dying down here, but if Ora wishes to remain with you for the present it will be better than returning to New Orleans. My love to her. AUGUSTA BROMPTON."

So I found what I had never had—a sister—and I think we made her as happy as she could possibly be after the terrible blight upon her youth. She found a fund of comfort in little Lyle, who was very fond of her, calling her "Lolo" in his soft, lisping accents. She was most unselfish and sympathetic in disposition, and this latter trait won from me, at least, a confidence.

She sat with me, sewing, in my chamber, one day. Roscoe had just sent out from town a package of new books I wished to see. We had looked them over—promised ourselves much enjoyment in the long winter evenings coming.

"What a splendid man Roscoe is!" Ora said, thoughtfully. "He is a companion—a friend—he is interested in everything you care for—he consults your wishes—ministers to your tastes. Now my husband never seemed to care for anything only to *own* me!"

She seldom or never referred to her husband. It seemed to make her physically ill to do so.

"I know I have a good husband, Ora; I respect him, I admire him. But yet," I added, "I should have been happier if I had married another man."

Then I told her the tale of my youth. Of my exceeding beauty—of the tourist who wandered to my mountain home—of his beauty, his charm, his power—my passion for him. Of my invalid mother, who prayed me not to leave her—of the choice I needs must make—of his departure—his subsequent desertion. Of how my mother died blessing me—how my conscience approved, yet my passionate longing for what I had lost. The hot tears rained down my face as I concluded—so deeply had my nature known this experience.

Ora listened with wide eyes, quickened breath; her work dropped upon her lap. When I had done, she said:

"What was his name, Constance? You have not spoken it."

"Ivan Grey."

"Have you a picture of him?" she asked, in a sharp, suppressed voice.

I unlocked the cabinet, found the photograph, placed it in her hand.

She glanced—dropped it as if it had stung her.

"It is my husband, Constance!"

I could only stare at her.

"It surely is, Constance," she said, winding her arm about me. "When you first knew of Ivan Grey's boyish love in Blue Mountains, I remembered to have seen some sketches my husband made there, bearing date 1865. Ten years ago. Oh, Conny, what an escape you made that you did not marry him! To be the wife of Ivan Grey was reserved for *my* fate," she added, mournfully.

"*Was* Mr. Grey's name Ivan," I stammered.

"Yes," she answered.

I was forced to accept the truth.

I rose, by-and-by, and put the letters and the photograph in the fire.

And that night I talked alone with my husband. Through all eternity he will never doubt now that I love him.

Ora is still with us. Roscoe has taken measures to procure for her a divorce.

THE FLOWER AND THE FORM.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

Sweet-hearted maiden, in my June of flowers
You are the rose
Whose perfume strikes the misty, far-off hours
And stirs repose.

I meet you by the winding meadow brook,
And pause and sigh;
A look of welcome to a lover's look
Is your reply.

When was my heart thick thronged with joy like this?
I stoop to read
The answer in your eyes—nor dreamed to kiss
This kiss indeed.

I take your hand. How soft and very fair?
A jewelled ring!
A jewelled ring I silently slipped there
In leafy spring.

Sweet-hearted maiden, in the scent of flow'rs
The past survives;
I see you, and I live the perfect hours
Of our linked lives.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ROUND HATS.

Fashionable milliners devote the last opening of the season exclusively to the round hats that ladies need during their summer sojourn at the watering places and country resorts. The novelty among shade hats is the use of Manila straw of ecru shade, woven in a slight, indistinct pattern, and very light and pleasant for summer wear. The brims crowns are high, and the broad brims are indented on each side and in front in Watteau fashion. A large cluster of roses is in front of the crown; fringed ribbon of pale blue, rose, or tilleul forms a bow on top of the crown, and the ends pass down the indented sides, falling behind as streamers; a small bouquet of roses holds the ribbons back; the brim is lined with silk to match the ribbons, and edged with very narrow Valenciennes. Other shade hats have large crowns of white chip, with broad brims of rough straw. These are trimmed with lace scarfs, sometimes all black, and again with white Valenciennes insertion in the middle, with black thread lace on each side. This scarf passes around the crown, has a bow in front and streamers behind. Apple blossoms and snow-balls, or roses with rubber foliage and hanging buds, are clustered in the lace bow, around the crown, and under the brim on the sides or back. The Gainsborough, however, remains most picturesque of all summer hats, and is more faithfully modeled after that seen in the portraits of the Duchess of Devonshire. The crown is ample, and the broad brim is turned up on the left side evenly with the side of the head, and not projecting in the least, while the right side is compressed closely against the head. In many instances a velvet bandeau is below the brim to fit it securely to the head, and the hat then sets most gracefully in front. White chip Gainsboroughs, trimmed with cream white gros grain, black velvet bandeau and bindings, and clusters of pale pink crushed roses filling the upturned sides, are in the perfection of taste. To complete such hats a characteristic feature is a bunch of short nodding ostrich plumes placed just in front of the brim and curled over toward the face. For the hat just described these plumes may be of dark crimson, cream-color, white, or very pale blue. White hats are evidently preferred for fetes and afternoon drives in open carriages; yet there are also black chip hats with broad brims, trimmed under the left side with drooping fringe of scarlet berries of the mountain ash, or vines of wild roses, or yellow buttercups. There are also rustic straws, all black, or black with gilt, or else creamy white crowns or Tuscan yellow, with brims striped or plaided with black.

Walking hats suitable for city streets have narrower brims and high crowns in English shapes, such as the Oxford, with low sides rolled against the crown somewhat like the familiar English walking hat; or the Equestrienne, with brim turned down all around, and very high square crown; or else a modified Gainsborough hat, which is called here the Danicheff. Fastidious milliners object to putting flowers on these round hats that are to be worn in town and for travelling; they use instead feathers, buckles, wings, fancy brooches, reserving flowers for the more picturesque shade hats described above. Velvet cut from the piece and edged with gold braid or with silver is used for bands around the crown, with loops on the left side holding a shaded wing, a bunch of cocks' plumes, or of ostrich tips. The gold braid is not fixed on the outer edge, but has a bias velvet facing next the head, which is also edged with tinsel braid. This revival of tinsel braid at the beginning of summer is an unseasonable caprice, but it has suddenly become very fashionable for trimming not hats only, but basques and overskirts of dark wool or silk. There are imported white chip Oxford hats, trimmed with olive brown velvet, gold braid, and shaded greenish-brown cocks' plumes, also black chips, with black velvet, gold braid, brooches of Renaissance designs, and shaded green wings. White or black Equestrienne hats have black velvet, and in rich folds around the crown, and held by an antique gold buckle, or else one of lophophore feathers, while on the left side far back is a cluster of short curled ostrich feathers, with some peacocks' breast feathers to give a touch of color. Velvet bands edged with gold also trim Equestrienne hats, and there is still a fancy for the rough threaded gauzes, either black, blue, cream-color, or cardinal, for scarfs on hats of every shape. The Danicheff, with one side rolled up and filled in with flowers, is, perhaps, the most useful and popular of dressy round hats. This is worn quite back on the head, while the Oxford and Equestrienne are low on the forehead, affording grateful shade to the eyes, as well as contracting the apparent height of the forehead and the length of narrow faces. Colored chips are liked in the Danicheff shapes, and the best houses show olive, mandarin yellow, and navy blue hats of this style.

Late importations at wholesale millinery houses are made up of the expensive yellow Tuscan straws in bonnets of the quaint shapes worn a generation ago. These are very elegant when richly trimmed, but are so expensive that most purchasers are content with the fine French chips that are now so reasonable since the revival of Italian straw. They are trimmed with satin or pale colored velvet ribbon, or else armure gauze arranged in a high Normandy knot on the front of the crown, passing down the sides, and disappearing there under the edges without meeting behind; the space between is then filled in with a stiff set narrow bow of the chip. This gives the cut-off, abrupt effect at the back now considered stylish. The strings are of tulle, or else a lace barbe, and are invariably sewed in the middle of the barbe to the end of the crown. New ribbons have openwork stripes down the centre, and are fringed on each side. Ribbons for strings are gradually being widened; those now most stylish are three or four inches broad.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away."
—*Song of Solomon, ii, 17.*

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away,
Guide of Pilgrims! Light of Earth! leave me not,
I pray;
For the road is dark and dreary,
And my feet are sore and weary,
Friends and lovers from me straying,
Through the darkness hear me praying.
Jesus! tender Jesus! oh! leave me not, I pray,
Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away.

Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away,
Comforter and Counselor! leave me not, I pray;
As the nights with sorrow lengthen,
Be thou near to soothe and strengthen;
As my griefs grow stronger, clearer,
Draw Thou nearer still, and nearer.
Jesus! tender Jesus! oh! watch with me, I pray,
Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away.

Until the daybreak and the shadows flee away,
Gentle Shepherd of my soul, oh! still near me
stay;
Till the doubting, fearing, straying,
Feeble praise and trembling praying,
Till the weeping and the sighing,
Till the mortal pain of dying
Is all over, past and over, and I hear Thee say:
Waken! for the day has brokeand shadows fled
away!"
—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE FATAL BEQUEST.

A BOX OF DIAMONDS AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

In the year 'forty, after roaming about a good deal in South America, I shipped as doctor on board a trader leaving Rio, homeward-bound for Bristol, with a full cargo and a couple of cabin passengers. We sailed on a blazing hot day, with scarcely a breath of wind to fill the sails; but the captain was anxious to get away, as Yellow Jack was in port, and he had no mind to keep knocking his heels in quarantine longer than he could help. Fortunately a breeze quickly sprang up, and we were soon bowling along as taut as the old ship could go, and with a clean bill of health on board.

A week later, however, I was sitting forward, smoking my pipe, when Pete, the steward's mate, came up, and summoned me to see one of our two cabin passengers, Mr. Grierson, who had been very unwell during the night, and began to be afraid that he was in for a touch of the fever. I went aft and saw him, but there did not appear to be any very alarming symptoms just at present, so I prescribed some cooling medicine and left him.

He was worse, however, next day, and the next, yet it was not a case of yellow fever, and there was something in the symptoms that I can not satisfactorily to my fairly baffled me. On the third day he was so much worse that I began to be seriously alarmed, and communicated my fears to Captain McFarlane.

"It is not yellow fever, of that I am sure," said I.

"What is it, then, doctor?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I can hardly say. Nothing that I can administer seems to do him any good, and he is evidently sinking rapidly."

"Humph!" said the captain, "mysterious, to say the least of it. Does he know of his condition?"

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of the negro Pete, who informed us that Mr. Grierson had been seized with a sudden and alarming access of pain, and was apparently dying, adding that the patient wished to see me at once and alone. In obedience to the summons I went below, and having shut the cabin door and administered the necessary remedies, asked the reason for his wishing to see me.

"I wish to see you because I feel that I am dying, and I can put off no longer what I wish to say, if it is to be said at all," responded the patient, feebly; "fetch me that box from off the top of my sea-chest and listen."

I brought it, a small oblong mahogany box, and laid it by his side upon the coverlet, and Grierson, laying his hand upon it, and at the same time drawing out from a string by which it was suspended round his neck, with which his fingers played nervously during his recital, continued:

"I am a murderer. Aye! you may start and think perhaps that my mind is wandering, but it is the truth. Twenty-five years ago—a twenty-five years of myself—I committed the deed which I am now, in the presence of my Maker, about to confess. I was a clerk in a banking-house in London, and the opportunities for speculation were too much for me to withstand, but circumstances occurred which convinced me that discovery could hardly be much longer delayed, and I resolved then how to make such escape while there was yet time. Just at this juncture one of the senior clerks in the house had to be sent down to Bristol in charge of a very large sum of money in gold, and I was deputed to accompany him to guard the treasure. In those times we had no iron safes on board, but a box, strongly secured and sealed, with us, by the mail coach, which started from one of the old inns in the City, for the West of England. There were two thousand guineas in the box, and the idea suggested itself to my mind that if I could become master of such a sum I could get clear away by some ship leaving Bristol for foreign parts before the bank could become aware of the fact of my escape. To get rid of my companion, I procured poison, which I poured into the leathern bottle, in which I carried my refreshment on the road, and, watching my opportunity, offered it to him to drink. He sat back in a corner of the coach, and in a few minutes was a corpse. Emptying the remaining contents of the bottle out of the window, and placing the dead man in such an attitude as would lead people to suppose he had died naturally, I hailed the guard with every simulation of trepidation, and stopped the coach. The outside passengers got down, and a scene of great excitement occurred. At the next village, the local doctor, who as it happened was a man of no great skill, was sent for, and dexterously insinuating to him that I had known my companion to have suffered from heart disease of some years standing, with many compliments on the professional acumen of the doctor himself, that worthy was not long in pronouncing it a case of sudden death from disease of the heart; and I was suffered, in view of my representations as to the urgency of my mission to Bristol, to proceed on my journey. I succeeded in leaving England and reaching Brazil, where I amassed a fortune. That fortune is within the box which lies beneath my hand."

He paused, for a violent spasm seized him, and it was some time before I could recover him sufficiently to enable him to proceed.

Raising himself in bed with difficulty, he unlocked the box, and disclosed an array of unset diamonds, whose brilliancy fairly dazzled me.

"Here are £50,000 worth of diamonds," proceeded Mr. Grierson. "I have converted all my fortune into these gems, and these I intend to entrust to your care. Take this box at once to your own cabin and return to me for your instructions as to the disposal of the contents.

I hesitated, but he was imperative.

"Not a word! I am dying fast, and I implore you to accede to my last request."

I took the box, locked it, and left the cabin.

As I passed along the main deck towards my own cabin forward, I met Captain McFarlane.

"How is your patient, Doctor?"

"Dying, I fear. He cannot last long.

I passed on, and, depositing the box in a place of safety, returned. Grierson was rapidly sinking, and in a few broken sentences he instructed me as to the disposal of his property, of which $10,000 was to go to the bankers, Holt and Wardley, of Lombard Street, and the rest to the family of the murdered man, whose name was given me, and whose representative I pledged my word to do my best to discover. Finally, binding me over not to disclose what I had just been told, except to the parties named by him in his dying bequest, Grierson relapsed into a state of partial insensibility, from which I in vain attempted to rouse him, and before half an hour had elapsed, the unhappy man was no more. Going on deck, I communicated the news to the captain, who gave the necessary directions as to the funeral, which took place next day; and once more we were ploughing our way through the blue water as if nothing had happened.

I was an altered man. The strange commission with which I had been entrusted weighed on my mind. Over and over again in the stillness of the night I opened the box and gazed on the gems. What proof was there that they were not mine? the box with its brass plate bearing the owner's name could be destroyed in a moment, and then! —Over and over again the devil whispered to me, but, thank God, I resisted the temptation. I would fulfil the trust confided to me, and I prayed heavily for strength to resist the evil promptings of my baser self.

One day I sat alone, the box unlocked on my table, gazing with an irrepressible curiosity, which I was unable to control, on the jewels which scintillated before my dazed vision. The door suddenly opened, and Captain McFarlane entered.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, did'nt know you were engaged;" but before I could close the box or reply, his eye had caught the shimmer of the brilliants.

"Hollo! what's here?"

With a firm hand he closed the lid and read the name upon the plate. Innocent as I was, involuntarily stung by the remembrance of what my thoughts had been but a moment before, I quailed before his eye.

"I know all now—that man was poisoned—consider yourself my prisoner."

I endeavored to explain. I told everything as it had occurred, and I appealed to the captain to believe the story, or at least to await its reasonable confirmation, before acting on his rash conclusion. He was incredulous. One concession I obtained, and that was, that all should be kept secret till our arrival in port, and that I should not be publicly branded as a suspected murderer before the crew.

A fortnight passed, a weary fortnight, during which I repeatedly endeavored to shake the conclusion at which Captain McFarlane had so hastily arrived. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the captain fell sick. He was suffering from a low fever. I begged him to accept my services.

"Never! You shall not poison me, too."

Days passed, and the captain grew worse and worse; he became in his delirium of poison, of stolen jewels; and night and day I watched at his bedside, jealously excluding everybody who might perchance overhear his ravings and rise up in judgment against me.

One day the crisis came. A few hours would determine all. If he died I was once more a free man, free from the im